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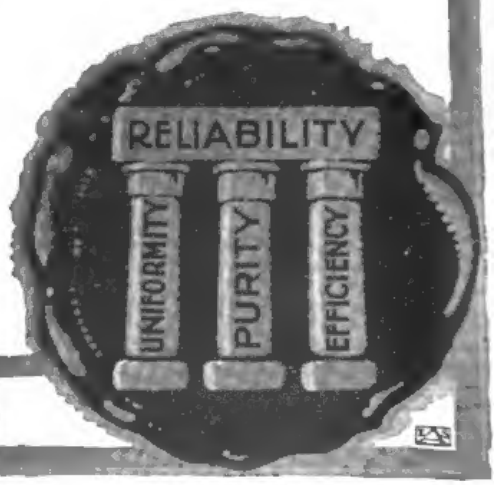

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT
E·R·SQUIBB & SONS, NEW YORK
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

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THE
Red Cross Magazine

The official publication of the American Red Cross

HON. WOODROW WILSON, President HON. WM. H. TAFT, Chairman ELIOT WADSWORTH, Acting Chairman

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REGINALD T. TOWNSEND, Editor
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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE is owned by the AMERICAN RED CROSS. It is the official publication of the official relief and humanitarian organization of the United States—an organization chartered by Congress, supervised by the Government, and protected under the Treaty of Geneva, known as the Red Cross Treaty.

It is published monthly by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, L. I., N. Y., for the AMERICAN RED CROSS. All profits from the publication go toward the work of the AMERICAN RED CROSS.

The subscription rate of the Magazine is two dollars a year; twenty cents per copy. Memberships in the Red Cross which include subscription to this Magazine follow: Subscribing Member, $2; Contributing Member, $5; Sustaining Member, $10, all payable annually; Life Member, $25; Patron Member, $100. There is also an Annual Membership for $1, but it does not include the Magazine. Every resident of the United States is eligible to Red Cross membership.

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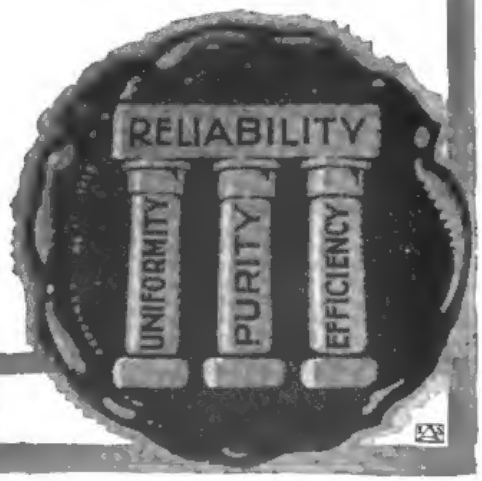

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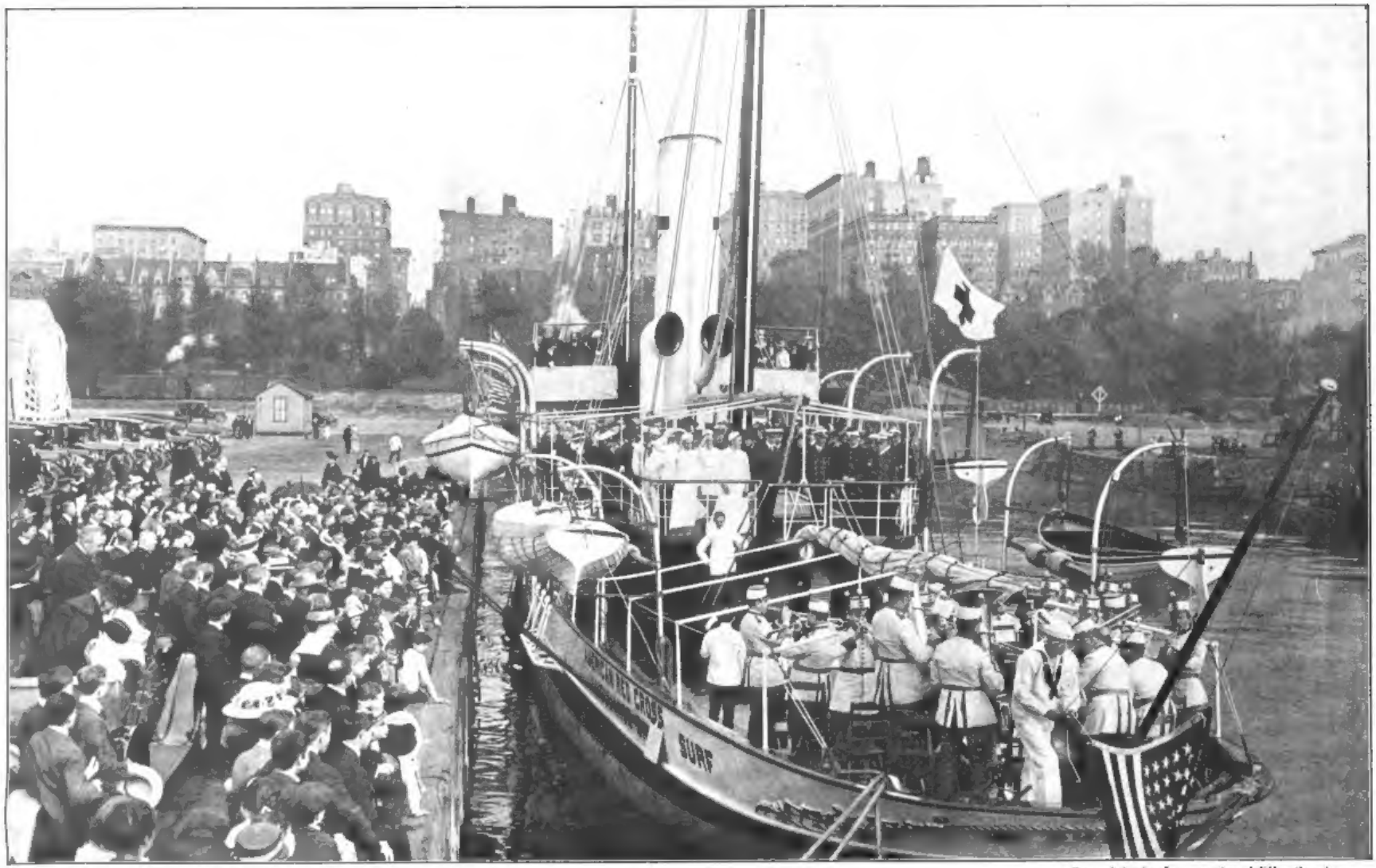

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THE FIRST AMBULANCE SHIP

The ceremony of hoisting the National emblem and the Red Cross flag over the *Surf;* the first private yacht to be donated to the Government by an owner as a Red Cross ambulance ship

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The RED CROSS MAGAZINE

VOLUME TWELVE AUGUST, 1917 NUMBER SEVEN

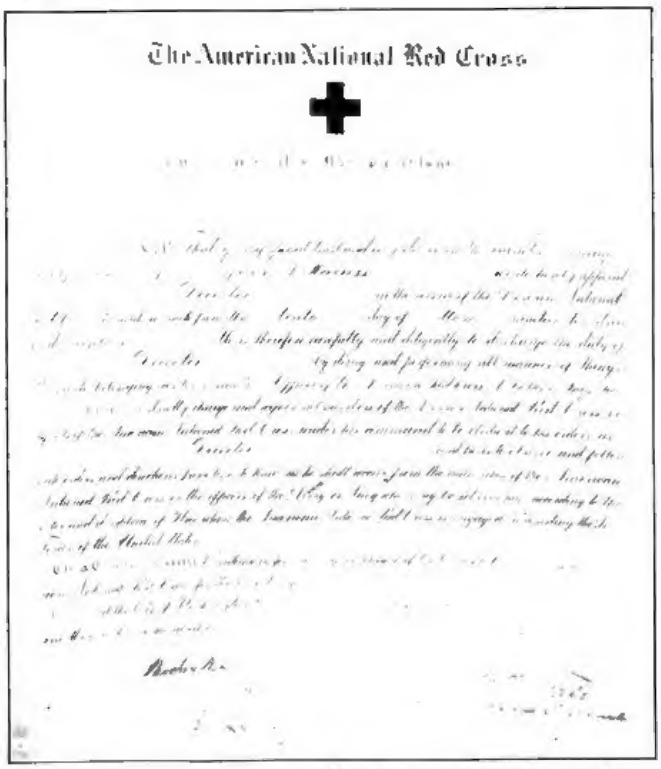
THE FIRST AMBULANCE SHIP

THE first private steam yacht to be presented to the Government for the Red Cross Society was Dr. John A. Harriss' yacht, the *Surf*, whose owner outfitted the boat as an ambulance ship and turned her over, through the New York County Chapter of the American Red Cross, to the Government for the duration of the war. The *Surf* is 166 feet long with two decks. She has cabin accommodations for twenty-five patients and has been completely equipped for hospital work, with operating rooms and convalescent wards. The vessel, which was built in 1898, has a tonnage of 270 and is equipped with wireless apparatus.

The ship was formally received for the United States Government by Surgeon T. W. Richards, U. S. N., who handed Dr. Harriss a commission as Medical Director of the yacht, while the national ensign and the Red Cross flag were hoisted over the vessel.

Dr. Harriss not only has assumed all obligations for the maintenance of the ship, but will pay the salaries of a corps of doctors and nurses who have been detailed to the ship.

This generous and patriotic action on the part of Dr. Harriss will no doubt be followed by owners of other pleasure craft of a type suited to be converted into ambulance ships of which there is a great need in the navy.


The American National Red Cross

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DR. HARRISS' COMMISSION AS MEDICAL DIRECTOR

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THE SOUL OF THE RED CROSS

TO BIND up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

This is the task of the Red Cross. The physical part of this task is immediate, tangible and urgent—to care for the wounded, the hungry and the homeless.

But when this task of alleviating the physical sufferings of mankind is finished a greater task remains. For there remains the great work of healing the *spirit* of the nations, of purging men's hearts of hate and suspicion and revenge, and of freeing their minds from the bondage of narrow nationalism and selfish materialism.

For a nation is more than its land and its people. It is great or small as it has a vision, a purpose, and a will to serve. There are nations which accomplish much in material things and gain neither satisfaction at home nor friends abroad, for their accomplishment is selfish and for nations as well as for men it profiteth little to gain a kingdom or a world if it loseth its soul. And there are nations in which the springs of human sympathy flow free—and run to waste into the ground again—for they are not controlled or directed. But again there are nations where these springs of human sympathy well up from the ground and where they can be turned to make the world a better place to live in. We are such a nation and the Red Cross is the agent that stands at the flood gates and turns the stream of human kindness, undiminished, onto the waste places.

A nation whose soul is tried grows a greater soul, for humanity like many other things in nature increases its strength with use. And this is the purpose of the Red Cross. It is a congregation of service, a fellowship of humanity in which every person can enlarge his or her satisfaction in life by doing the things most worth while and doing them in company with so many millions that the whole nation will take on a new aspect. The Red Cross is the soul of the nation. In so far as we give to it service, the soul of the nation takes on a new and greater aspect. It is a vision to fill men's minds and stir their souls and, out of a war that destroys, kindle a fire to remake our nation on a plane that we had not even before considered, for these days of emotion have loosened the generous energies of the people to great endeavours.

The Red Cross must help them lift up their eyes from the horrors and the hell of this war and fix them upon the possible achievements of a federation of the nations. It must make these achievements as real and tangible as the objectives of a military campaign. It must attack and pursue them with the vigor and discipline of a military organization. If the Red Cross can do this, can provide such a moral equivalent for war, it will not only heal the nation's wounds but achieve a just and lasting peace.

The Red Cross will plead for service, record humanity at its best, outline the vision of a greater nation in the non-material fields, cheer the despondent, and direct the wandering good intention. It is the tie that binds the far separated acts of service together, until the little trickles of humanity shall all come together in a vast stream of human sympathy so pure and powerful as to accomplish a new thing on earth.

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GOING OVERSEAS

Brigadier General Sir Henry Pelatt addressing a contingent of nurses about to go overseas

THE CANADIAN RED CROSS CARRIES ON

Photograph by British & Colonial Press

BY

DOROTHY McILWRAITH

SINCE war was declared and her first contingent sailed away Canada has learned much of organization and co-operation; of love and sacrifice; of how not to do things as well as how to do them; of how to give and give and give again, of time, money and endless thought; how to make mistakes and see that they are not made twice; and now she is learning how to use the last ounce of her man and woman power that the cause for which she is fighting may triumph.

All of these lessons, and many more beside, have been applied to the work of the Canadian Red Cross Society. Canada was a very unorganized country and the Society had much to cope with before it became an efficient working body, but with the splendid example of the British Red Cross before them and with courage and enthusiasm the Canadians set to work.

When war broke out the Canadian Red Cross Society was in existence. It was not a branch of the British Red Cross Society, as are the Australian and Indian societies, but a separate chartered organization, although not at all an active one. Soon, however, branches began to be formed all over the Dominion, until now there is hardly a village from Halifax to Vancouver that is not doing its share of Red Cross war work. Not long ago the residents on the desolate Magdalene Islands far down the Gulf of St. Lawrence asked that the name of the treasurer of the Quebec Branch of the Red Cross be sent to them, by wireless, so that they might send to the Society money which they had raised during the winter. These people are cut off from the mainland all through the long winter months, but that did not prevent them from thinking and working for the men fighting overseas.

The scope of the Red Cross in Canada is clearly defined; to coöperate with the medical services of the army and navy in the relief of the wounded soldiers and sailors—that means to raise funds and supplies for the hospitals at home and overseas; and to provide for the prisoners of war. It is left to other societies to form voluntary aid centres and to care for the families of the soldiers.

The money is being raised systematically and

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it is wonderful that, despite the many calls of a warring nation, the different needs of the several branches are provided over and over again and amazing to see how much of the money comes in unsolicited.

By far the larger share of the burden of Red Cross work falls on the shoulders of the women of a nation, for they it is who are working constantly on the never ending hospital supplies. But the men at home in Canada have had much way toward the huge sums of money which are being poured out for the care of the wounded.

The Canadian newspapers have been very generous in the giving of their columns for the publication of subscription lists, and many people all through the country have pledged themselves to give so much a week or month or half-yearly for the duration of the war or for a stated period. And this is much the most satisfactory of all the ways of giving, since

Photograph by Boston Photo News

A TORONTO MILITARY HOSPITAL

At the outbreak of the war the Canadian Red Cross was in existence but not active. To-day there is hardly a village—no matter what its size—from Halifax to Vancouver that is not doing its full share of the great Red Cross work

to do with perfecting the system whereby the smaller branches work in coöperation with the larger ones; the larger ones keep in touch with the head office in Toronto and it in turn is in constant communication with the Canadian Commissioner, Colonel C. A. Hodgetts, C.E.F., and his aides in London where the actual work of distribution goes on. There is need, also, of men's help in the planning of the campaigns to raise funds which have been held in some of the cities and in the canvassing of those subscriptions which do not come in unsolicited.

Very little of the money has been raised by spasmodic generosity and none at all by "tag-days" or street contributions. These methods are felt to be undignified and unworthy of the great cause in which all the Allies are enlisted, and they do not represent the spirit with which Canada is making war.

Some of the money required is, of course, raised by the fees for the Red Cross Society which vary from the $25 for a life-membership down to the twenty-five cents annually which the school children pay; but these go but a little

things can be managed so much more easily and economically when there is a certain definite fund to count on.

In the Dominion Arsenal and in many other manufacturing plants the employees have pledged a full day's pay, in some cases every six months and in others oftener, in aid of the Red Cross. These, too, are definite gifts and, as such, are doubly valuable.

Early in the war there were a good number of elaborate concerts and entertainments given "in aid of the Red Cross," but people soon found that the time and energy spent on these would be much better diverted to productive work elsewhere, and they are growing fewer as time goes on. It is just as simple to say, "how much money will you contribute to the Red Cross" as to say "buy two tickets for the concert which we are giving," and the money has come in in even greater sums than before. The chances are that it will be found that the man who gave one hundred dollars last year will give two hundred this, and be proud to do it. That is the spirit that the war is producing in the Canadians.

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Besides outright contributions, money is being raised in many other ways. Women are running splendid lunch-rooms in many of the towns and cities, aided by volunteer waitresses, and these are not the sort of lunch-rooms where you pay a huge amount and go away hungrier than when you came in, but where good meals are served and good management shown. These have been running, many of them, for two years and more, and no one's enthusiasm has failed or

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

AT THE CANADIAN HOSPITAL AT ST CLOUD

The Canadian Red Cross has not only raised money for the needs of its armies overseas but it also looks after the wants of Canadian prisoners and takes care of the veterans who return home

energies flagged. The Red Cross has to be kept up by continual effort and many hours of hard work; spasmodic and unsustained enthusiasm is not going to win the war.

In Toronto there is a regular motor service for the gathering of waste paper, old rubber, glass, etc., and a surprising amount of money has been raised for the Society by the sale of the collections. In other towns the school children do the collecting and, although this does not bring in such large results, still it has helped the cause a great deal. The children are proud to feel that they too are doing their bit.

Out of its funds the Canadian Red Cross is contributing to an ever-growing list of dressing stations and field and base hospitals in Canada and in England and in France and in Cairo, and with each new blow struck on the battlefields, the need for these grows greater. The torpedoing of hospital ships means that new hospitals must be established in France so that the wounded men may not be exposed needlessly to the perils of sea transportation. When this was laid before the Canadian commissioner and he was told what part the Canadians would be called upon to take in the provision of these new hospitals, he said, "Go ahead and get everything you need. The people at home have never failed us yet; the money will come all right." That is a proud record the Canadians have to live up to and they are doing it.

Money has also to be sent regularly to England for the parcels that are to go to the prisoners of war. Until recently these parcels were sent by individuals in Canada, but since the regulations as to what they may contain are very strict and it was found that many men were receiving sufficient to support two or three German families, it was thought better that all the supplies should go out from the central depot in London. Certain sums are voted from the funds of the Canadian Red Cross Society to cover the amount spent for the Canadian prisoners and for any others that certain branches may pledge themselves to provide for.

As soon as a man is officially reported a prisoner of war and his detention camp known, he is at once sent an outfit parcel and then further parcels at stated intervals. Ten dollars a month will supply a prisoner with food, but any donor of $5.00 a month to the Prisoners of War Fund may "adopt" a prisoner and the difference is made up from the Society's funds. Two facts are assured of this work; that the prisoners urgently need these supplies and that the Germans deliver the parcels faithfully.

Many, many convalescent soldiers are now returning to Canada and hospitals are in operation

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for them all over the Dominion. It has been found that these men are happier near their own homes, so that numerous small hospitals have been established in preference to larger institutions. Here the men stay after their return to Canada until they are well enough to return to their own homes. These convalescent homes are under Government control, but much of the equipment, supplies and workers come through the Red Cross Society and the need for all three is never ending. Some of these hospitals are sanitaria which must be kept up long after the war is over for the benefit of those men whose lungs are weakened by gas attacks and the long exposure in wet trenches, clothed only in rain soaked garments.

Besides the money spent on hospital equipment overseas and at home, and hospital equipment means ambulances, beds, surgical instruments, wheel-chairs, cutlery, linen, artificial limbs, rubber goods, drugs (an ever increasing source of expenditure), and the many extras not included in the Government issues asked for by the doctors. Besides all these calls the Canadian Red Cross has repeatedly given grants out of its funds to other societies—to the British, French and Serbian Red Crosses—where the need was even greater than their own.

Then, too, money must be constantly on hand for the purchase of supplies to keep the thousands of Red Cross workers all through Canada busy in the work for the cause to which they have pledged themselves.

At first people's enthusiasm carried them away and much precious time and material was wasted in unorganized effort. Soap and sweets were insecurely packed together, dressing gowns with infinitesimal armholes were hastily made and despatched to headquarters, socks that would only have fitted a wooden-legged man on snowshoes had to be patiently unravelled; and worst of all, people without advice or even common sense attempted to make surgical dressings and bandages of all kinds. Enthusiasm is a splendid thing, but it should be coupled with directions; the directions should be good, authentic ones and should be followed to the last letter.

The little book which contains the directions by which the Canadian Red Cross lives, works and swears is called "War Work" and is issued periodically as new needs arise by the National Relief Committee.

In the larger cities the Red Cross has whole buildings given up to its committees and its workers while in smaller places people are working in their own homes, but no matter where or how the work is carried on, "War Work" is the means of standardizing it.

It tells how dressings and bandages are to be made (although it frankly says that the workers should have instruction from a doctor or a nurse)

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

ON THE ROAD IN FRANCE

The residents of the desolate Magdalene Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence asked for the name of the Treasurer of the Quebec Branch of the Red Cross by wireless so that they might send him the money raised by them during the winter

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gives directions for the making of knitted goods, hospitals suits, shirts, surgeons' ward coats, pyjamas, dressing gowns—tells what garments need patterns and what don't, gives lists of the countless necessary things of which the uninitiated would never think.

Necessary and indispensable as are surgical supplies the work of the Red Cross is by no means limited to them entirely. The wounded soldiers are brought into the hospitals practically destitute of all the necessaries of life and the Red Cross fits them out anew. So the people at home are making shirts and trench caps and property bags and housewives and scarves and kits-bags. The contents of these last is limited by government regulations, so that there is no use trying to squeeze in a folding bath tub or a butterfly net. One thing much wanted is a razor for each bag, and as bags are being sent over constantly (there is a call for 25,000 just now) the supply of good second-hand razors in Canada is just about used up. But, above all and everything, the call is for socks and more socks. Never can there be too many socks, and those people who can knit socks are called upon to knit socks and nothing else. There is a corollary to that which is that those who cannot knit socks shouldn't, but that is another story; and anyway there aren't as many as there used to be. In some of the towns the school children are helping too. The school boards provide the wool and the older children turn their attention to socks and the smaller ones knit washcloths or make simpler things.

Old linen, provided that it is strong, is in constant demand and on collection days the Red Cross workers just about have to move out of their quarters because the supply is so great. It is getting scarcer though, and more than one family is dispensing with sheets and table cloths that under other circumstances would be deemed quite good enough for another season.

The planning for the work on surgical supplies (dressings, wipes, bandages, hospital suits, pads, towels, etc.), on garments and on the other needs is carried on by untiring committees in the various branches of the Society throughout Canada, and practically every one in the country is doing work of some sort. In many places the work rooms (generally in buildings given for the purpose) are open late into the night that people employed in the daytime may still help after hours with the sewing or cutting or planning. Those who cannot spend time at the committee-rooms are provided with work to do at home, the only condition being that the directions as issued by the Society are carefully observed. In some of the smaller towns the committees have an extra supply of material on hand on market days that it may be ready for the farmers' wives to carry home with them, to be returned finished on the next market day.

The express companies are helping too, by carrying all parcels of Red Cross supplies free of charge. This is a big saving as supplies are being continually sent to the different branches and the finished work despatched overseas.

One thing the Canadian Red Cross has undertaken is the shipping of preserved fruit to the hospitals overseas. The fruit must be in jars of standard size and well packed before it will be accepted for shipment and many thousands of quarts of all sorts of preserves have gone abroad, not only to the Canadian hospitals, but to the Belgian, French, and British ones as well.

In one Ontario town last year there was a "fruit committee" formed and a splendid system was evolved. Farmers from the surrounding districts gave the fruit, a glass factory supplied the bottles, some citizens contributed the sugar, steam from a laundry was utilized for the cooking which was done by volunteer workers, working under the direction of a professional canner. One Saturday in the peach season they were fairly swamped with fruit and had to work right ahead all night to clear the decks for the next day's supply. The result was a hundred thousand quarts or so of fruit sent overseas during the season.

Besides the necessities which are being sent continually to the hospitals there are the "comforts" which Canada sends to her wounded men that their lot may not be any harder than can very well be helped. The Red Cross sends over candies, tobacco, notepaper, mouth organs, books, papers, soap, chewing-gum (although Canadians are British through and through, there is that much American about them), and the countless other things that love and enthusiasm prompt and that the governments of warring nations don't stop to provide.

In order that every wounded Canadian, in whatever hospital he may be, may profit by the supplies of the Society the information bureau in London receives the name of every wounded Canadian and corresponds with each man whether in France or Britain and sends him a parcel of "comforts." The department also does good work in corresponding with the friends of the sick and wounded and in helping in the carrying on of that sad task, the tracing of the "missing."

In comparison with those of her allies, Canada's efforts have not been large, but such as they are Canada is proud of them: immeasurably proud of her men who for more than two years have been fighting and proud also of the mothers, wives and sisters at home who are working loyally to prove themselves worthy of the men who are fighting for them and to make Canada worthy of her place in the Empire.

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THE SINEWS OF EMPIRE

BY

IAN MALCOLM

*(Mr. Malcolm, a member of Parliament in England, was the British Red Cross Sub-Commissioner in France during 1914–1915, where he played an important rôle in the gigantic task of building up the great organization of the British Red Cross Society at the outbreak of the war. In 1915 and 1916 he was Commissioner to Russia and last spring accompanied Mr. Balfour, the British Foreign Secretary, as a member of the Commission that visited the United States. Mr. Malcolm is also the author of many books, including his latest, "War Pictures," describing his visits to the various fronts.—*THE EDITORS.)

NEVER was any society more truly national than the British Red Cross Organization. It is composed of the nation, belongs to the nation, is administered by the nation, and to the nation is due the credit for the wonderful work that it has been able to achieve.

There are two or three countries, Germany and Russia amongst them, who for the last twenty years have always kept their Red Cross organizations closely linked up with their armies and on almost a war footing even in times of peace. This has never been our plan in England.

THE HONORABLE IAN MALCOLM

Author and Member of Parliament, who has played an important part in building up the gigantic organization of the British Red Cross since the outbreak of the war

However, when the war did break out in August, 1914, our small and quite unknown Red Cross organization pulled itself together, amalgamated with the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and offered the War Office to work unitedly, body and soul, day and night, for the relief of suffering on the fields of battle and at home. Nothing showed how the true causes of the war had roused the conscience and soul of the Empire like the lightning flash of response that came to our Red Cross appeal for men, money, and supplies. From all quarters of the British Empire came help: the poorest and the richest at home, the Rajah and the ryot in India, the South-African millionaire, the Canadian rancher, tea planters from Ceylon, sheep-farmers from Australia and New Zealand, competed to be the first to offer themselves and of their best. No wonder that, at first, our modest organization was overwhelmed: the marvel is that it did not utterly break down. Instead of which it has triumphed gloriously.

How far off those days of August seem now, when we sent the first unit of doctors and nurses to Belgium! By August 20th, when Brussels fell, we had six units helping the Belgians. Next we concentrated more or less on Paris during the battles of the Marne and the Aisne—providing not only hospitals and supplies and personnel, but a fleet of 500 motor ambulances in a fortnight, the first that had ever worked with the British Army. It was at this point that I joined up, to help Lord Robert Cecil to organize a new department, whose object was to trace the wounded and missing and also to identify the graves of those who had fallen in France during the eventful month of September, 1914. We also established six or seven inquiry bureaus in France, one in Malta and one in Egypt, with a large central organization in London; and I believe that this has done as much to relieve anxiety at home as any other branch of Red Cross work could do.

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As the war progressed, the calls on the Red Cross became more insistent every week. In France alone we now have no less than 250 ambulances working with our Army (practically under fire all the time) between the field hospitals, the clearing hospitals and the hospital trains. Besides these, we have 900 other ambulances nearer the various lines with the British Army, 100 with the French and 25 with the Belgians—to say nothing of between 400 and 500 other motor vehicles, which are required for various services, and a staff of some 1,500 men for ambulance work alone. The cost of running this one Department is no

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

ON THE ISLAND OF LEMNOS

A base for supplying the vast fleet of hospital ships that ply the Mediterranean Sea and the site of a refreshment and convalescent station for the wounded

less than $23,000 a week, and cheap at the price. I have told you that the Red Cross ambulances bring the wounded soldier from the advanced hospital to the train as soon as he may travel. We have provided four such trains and they are models of their kind. Each one carries 450 normally, but can take 500 at a pinch. Each train has, besides its beds, an operating theatre, a dispensary, kitchens, and an expert staff. Thousands upon thousands of wounded men have used these trains, including His Majesty himself after his severe accident when reviewing his troops in France. From the trains the wounded are taken to the base hospitals all along the French coast, to places which once we used to visit as tourists during our peaceful summer holidays; to Calais and Boulogne, Rouen, and Dieppe and elsewhere. There are 14 of these hospitals with about 2,000 beds. The largest of them—at Étaples—cost $215,000 to erect and equip: it has a matron, fifty-two nurses and twenty-two Volunteer Aid Divisions of the St. John's Brigade. Besides these, we have established on the lines of communication rest stations innumerable, where wounded men can be dressed and fed, Veterinary Corps Hospitals, Nurses Clubs, and Hotels for the relatives of dangerously wounded men who are sent for in a hurry. All this immense organization exists in France alone, and by far the greatest part of it just behind the British lines.

But that is only a part of our Red Cross work, and, in a sense, the least difficult part, as it is so comparatively close to London.

Soon after the outbreak of war, Serbia was visited by a fearful epidemic of typhus fever. Thither went immediately many well-equipped hospital units from the Red Cross.

The entry of Turkey into the war brought about the necessity for the Red Cross to participate in two other campaigns of great magnitude—in the Mediterranean and in Mesopotamia. Take the Mediterranean first.

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ALEXANDRIA

There are six hospitals of the British Red Cross with 1,500 beds in Egypt. At Alexandria a stores department supplies seventy hospitals and fifty hospital ships

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BAGDAD

In the British campaign against the Turks which resulted in the capture of Bagdad, the Red Cross maintained thirty-five motor ambulance boats on the Tigris River, and fifty motor ambulances

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SALONIKI

The Red Cross employs over 100,000 workers around Saloniki. In 1916 the largest single consignment of stores, valued at more than $100,000 was sent from Headquarters in London to Saloniki

On the shores of Gallipoli we established a Red Cross hospital station; at Mudros (on the island of Lemnos) we had a refreshment depot and a vast store of medical necessaries and comforts to supply the hospital ships that plied without ceasing to Malta and to Egypt. At Malta, we are responsible for supplying stores to two hospitals, and 200 hospital ships with requisites and comforts for the wounded. In the first eleven months, we sent there no less than $430,000 worth of sick-bed necessaries alone. And then Egypt: there a similar service is established, but on a far larger scale. There we have six hospitals with 1,500 beds, a stores department at Alexandria, which gives supplies to seventy military hospitals in the Mediterranean area and has replenished the requirements of about fifty hospital ships, some of them many times over. And what Alexandria does for the hospital ships plying between the Mediterranean and England that Suez does for ships conveying wounded and convalescents home to India or Australia. The organization in Egypt includes five hospital trains, besides Red Cross invalid kitchens and canteens for the wounded; during one week of November last year, over 36,000 invalid rations were supplied from the fifty-two kitchens alone. I have said nothing about the fleet of motor and other boats which the Red Cross has in the Mediterranean, for the purpose of transporting men and stores from one place to another; it will be enough to conclude my account of this branch of our work by observing that we employ in it over 1,000 persons, more than half of whom are unpaid; and that, just a year ago, we sent out to Saloniki the largest single consignment of stores ever despatched from Headquarters in London. Its value was $100,000; it weighed 250 tons, it was conveyed in over 2,000 bales and cases, and it was used, not only for the British, but also for the French, Russian, Serbian, and Italian Armies operating side by side in that difficult zone of war.

Let us glance at our work in Mesopotamia—noticing that we are getting ever farther away from England, our base of operations, whence everything has to be shipped by sea, even in these most perilous times. However, at the earliest permissible moment, the Red Cross sent thirty-five motor ambulance boats for the Tigris and a fleet of fifty motor ambulances, besides many thousand pounds' worth of stores including water-beds, air-beds, mosquito curtains, ice-machines, and wheeled chairs. Quite recently, we have launched on the Tigris a shallow-draught hospital ship, specially built for the work; and now we have a completely equipped convalescent home at

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GORIZIA

Great Britain has sent four ambulance units to Italy No. 1 unit entered Gorizia with the first troops after its capture from the Austrians

Amarah—half-way, roughly, between Basra and Kut: so that all Red Cross subscribers can feel that they are doing their bit to help that gallant Anglo-Indian Army, which now, by the will of God, has safely reached, conquered and occupied Bagdad.

Thus far I have written of six campaigns in which the Red Cross has been engaged: in France, Serbia, Egypt, Gallipoli, Saloniki, and Mesopotamia. There is a seventh, in East Africa, of which we know all too little at home, but which is now drawing to a successful conclusion. There too we have been responsible for stores for the tropics, for hospital units at the base and at the front, for motor ambulances and river-launch ambulances; and the record of their activities in Equatorial Africa is one of which our friends and supporters may well be proud.

But it will be a mistake to suppose that even this recital of great and unprecedented activity marks anything like the whole extent of Red Cross activities during the war. There are countless Red Cross Hospitals and Homes and Institutions and Work Centres scattered about from East to West, from North to South of the British Isles, all working at full strength: there is the Prisoners of War Department, supplying something like 150,000 parcels of food every fortnight to our prisoners in Germany alone, we have our organization to look after our prisoners interned in Switzerland, but even this is not the end.

To France, we have given 100 motor ambulances, which are working from Verdun down to the Mountains of the Vosges, as well as stores amounting to many thousands of pounds. To Italy, we have sent four ambulance units, the only representatives of a foreign country working on land with the Italian Army; they have done magnificent work over the difficult mountain passes, and No. 1 unit had the honor of entering Gorizia with the first Italian troops; the others have all distinguished themselves, one of them receiving mention in a Special Order of the Day. To Italy we have just recently sent a special present of $100,000 worth of stores for the brave Italian wounded. Russia we have been proud to assist as Allies with motor ambulances and motor kitchens, as well as with a hospital for 200 beds in Petrograd and another in the field and to Rumania we have sent a large unit of doctors and nurses with a full hospital equipment and $50,000 worth of stores.

There is, in a word, no part of the world in which we or our Allies are fighting for all the causes that we hold most dear, to which the British Red Cross—that is the people of the British Empire—has not given quickly with both hands and with a loving heart.

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MALTA

The British Red Cross maintains a supply station here which furnished two hospitals and 200 hospital ships. In the first eleven months of the war $430,000 worth of sick bed supplies were sent from here

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YOUR RED CROSS

Activities of the Red Cross Society—Red Cross Week and the $100,000,000 Campaign—A New Type of Ambulance

THE $100,000,000 CAMPAIGN

INASMUCH as but a small proportion of our people can have the opportunity to serve upon the actual field of battle but all men, women and children alike may serve and serve effectively by making it possible to care properly for those who do serve under arms at home and abroad. . . . I . . . do hereby proclaim the week ending June 25, 1917, as Red Cross Week, during which the people of the United States will be called upon to give generously and in a spirit of patriotic sacrifice for the support and maintenance of this work of national need."

So ran, in part, President Wilson's proclamation, whereby one week in June was to be set apart throughout the land for an intensive campaign to raise $100,000,000 for the war needs of the Red Cross.

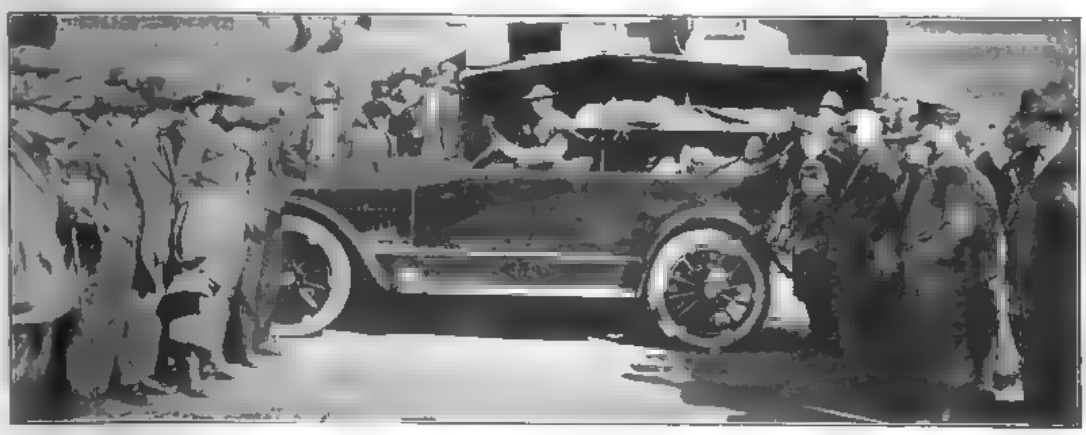
The same day that the President issued his proclamation, some 244 delegates from various chapters throughout the United States assembled in Washington to learn from Mr. Charles Sumner Ward, the Secretary of the War Finance Committee, who handled the extremely successful campaign for funds for the Y. M. C. A. in the past, the details of the campaign for raising the 100,000,000 dollars.

Addresses were made by the Hon. William H. Taft, ex-president of the United States, Mr. Henry P. Davison, the Chairman of the War Council, the Hon. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, the Hon. Ian Malcolm of the British Commission, Mr. Herbert C. Hoover and Major General John J. Pershing, and others. Between sessions the delegates to the conference were taken to Fort Myer in motors by the members of the Motor Corps of the local chapter of the Red Cross, where they were entertained by Mrs. Hugh L. Scott and Miss Mabel T. Boardman at an "army" luncheon.

TRANSFORMING YOUR AUTOMOBILE INTO AN AMBULANCE

A HANDY device for converting an ordinary passenger automobile into a comfortable ambulance to transport the sick or the wounded either in battle or in civil life has recently been tried and approved by officers of the American Red Cross, who were favorably impressed.

The device, which is the invention of Dr. Sigmund Leon Gans, president of the Physicians Motor Club of Philadelphia, will accommodate two recumbent cases on litters, one semi-recumbent case on the back seat and two to four sitting cases on the floor of a seven-passenger car and one sitting case with the driver. The attachment costs but little and is very easy of adjustment and can be easily attached or removed from the car.



CONVERTING A PASSENGER AUTOMOBILE INTO AN AMBULANCE

By means of an easily attached device an ordinary automobile can be converted in a few minutes into a comfortable ambulance

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P R O C L A M A T I O N

INASMUCH as our thoughts as a nation are now turned in united purpose towards the performance to the utmost of the services and duties which we have assumed in the cause of justice and liberty;

INASMUCH as but a small proportion of our people can have the opportunity to serve upon the actual field of battle, but all men, women and children alike may serve and serve effectively by making it possible to care properly for those who do serve under arms at home and abroad;

AND INASMUCH as the American Red Cross is the official recognized agency for voluntary effort in behalf of the armed forces of the nation and for the administration of relief;

Now, therefore, by virtue of my authority as President of the United States and President of the American Red Cross, I, Woodrow Wilson, do hereby proclaim the week ending June 25, 1917, as Red Cross Week, during which the people of the United States will be called upon to give generously and in a spirit of patriotic sacrifice for the support and maintenance of this work of national need.

Woodrow Wilson

MAY 25,1917.

RED CROSS WEEK

President Wilson's Proclamation designating the week June 18-25th to be devoted to obtaining funds for the war needs of the Red Cross

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Photograph by Harris & Ewing

AT THE AL FRESCO LUNCHEON

Mr C. S. Ward, who drew up the plan for the $100,000,000 campaign, Miss Mabel T. Boardman of the Executive Committee, Mr. William H. Taft, Chairman of the Central Committee, Mrs. Hugh Lenox Scott, and Mr. Henry P. Davison, Chairman of the War Council, partaking of "rations" at the luncheon given to the delegates at Major-General Scott's residence at Fort Myer

Photograph by Harris & Ewing

"MESS" FOR THE DELEGATES

After the meeting in Washington to discuss the plans for raising the fund of $100,000,000 for war purposes, on May 25th, the delegates representing Red Cross Chapters throughout the United States were entertained at an army luncheon and inspected the officers' reserve training camp at Fort Myer

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THE ZEMSTVOS AND THE RED CROSS IN RUSSIA

The Problem of Caring for the Wounded in Russia Proved too Much for the Military Authorities at First so the Union of the Zemstvos Was Called Upon and Succeeded in Successfully Coping with the Situation

BY

A. J. SACK

(Assistant Director of the Russian Information Bureau, Staff Correspondent for the Official Publications of the Russian Ministry of Finance and the Petrograd Telegraph Agency.)

RED CROSS work in Russia, during this war, has been mostly done by the famous organization, the All-Russian Zemstvos Union, the President of which, Prince G. E. Lvoff was Prime Minister during the revolution.

The task of the Red Cross organization during the Russo-Japanese War, in which comparatively small forces of soldiers were engaged thousands of miles away, was infinitely small compared with the magnitude and volume of work that has devolved upon the Red Cross Society and the All-Russian Zemstvos Union during this war, with the millions upon millions of soldiers in the fighting line close to the centre of Russia, and scarcely a family without one member at least at the front.

To the Zemstvo of Moscow is due the credit of originating the idea of founding a union of all Zemstvos to take active part in the relief of the sick and wounded. It was during the time of the Russo-Japanese War that under the initiative of the Zemstvo of Moscow, an organization of a number of Zemstvos, the first organized Union of Zemstvos, came into existence, fully resolved to take active part in the work of relieving the sick and wounded.

Gradually other Zemstvos joined the Union which was not dissolved after the Russo-Japanese War but transferred its activities to helping the Siberian settlers and other parts of the population that stood in need of help.

In the middle of 1914, when war was daily threatening, the Zemstvo of Moscow again took the initiative. The district chairman of the Zemstvo, together with the executive board, decided to call a special meeting of this Zemstvo to discuss matters connected with the impending war. A special committee drew up a plan for a union of all Zemstvos with the avowed object of rendering all possible medical and sanitary aid in the war. The meeting adopted the report of this committee. At the same time, the news having spread, telegrams began to pour in from the majority of the Zemstvos to the Moscow Zemstvo, expressing their desire to join the Union.

In August, 1914, delegates from the different Zemstvos met in Moscow and resolved upon the formation of an All-Russian Zemstvos Union, to prepare to render relief to the sick and wounded soldiers. Only the Zemstvo of Kursk, which desired to do its work independently, did not join this Union. The Don region, the home of the Cossacks, which has no Zemstvo, joined this Union almost immediately through its local administration, and contributed 500,000 roubles to the cause. Most of the Zemstvos contributed large sums for the work, the total amounting to 12,000,000 roubles.

At the same time the organization that had sprung into existence at the time of the Russo-Japanese War was incorporated into this Union, adding to the Union's treasury its fund of 1,000,000 roubles.

The general management of the Union is in the hands of a committee composed of two delegates from each Zemstvo and its meetings are held in Moscow. This committee elects the Chief Representative and the General Committee consisting of ten members. Local business affairs are settled by committees of the local government and the district Zemstvo.

Thirteen days after the formation of the All-Russian Zemstvos Union, the Government approved its plans and aims and the work of the Union was accepted under the flag of the Red Cross Society. However, the Union retained its full independence in matters of financing and in the management of its own work.

The colossal magnitude of the task it was undertaking was not foreseen by the Union at its birth. With a grant of 14,000,000 roubles and the money already in the Union's treasury, the Union started out upon its original plan of just relieving the sick and wounded brought into

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the interior from the front. From this beginning the sphere of activity of the Zemstvos Union widened and widened, through the stress of crowding circumstances, until now it is the towering factor in the Red Cross work in Russia.

But to return. In accordance with the plans of the Ministry of War, the Zemstvos Union was only to take charge of the sick and wounded sent into the interior of Russia, whereas the Red Cross was to assume full activity at the front. Taking into account the small means of the Union, provision was made for about 25,000 to 30,000 beds and a few hospital trains running in the interior of Russia.

Very soon many needs not foreseen in peace time arose. Neither the Sanitary Department of the Ministry of War nor the Red Cross Society, both of which organizations, due to circumstances, found themselves devoting all their energies and resources for medical work at the front, could fill these needs. It became apparent that numerous hospitals had to be erected and also provision made for collecting and distributing centres for the sick and wounded arriving from the front. Medical staffs for these centres had to be appointed and trains to carry the wounded provided. Only a close alliance between the Government and the public-spirited organizations could master these wants, and the Zemstvos Union, possessing the confidence of all classes of people and an efficient staff, promptly came to the fore. The General Committee offered immediately to help with all its power and all the means at its disposal and the Government could not refuse.

MRS. HILDA WYNNE

Who formed and maintained an ambulance unit which was attached to the Russian Red Cross. Mrs. Wynne served with the Russian Army in the Caucasus and later in its Galician campaigns. For her work she has received the insignia of the Imperial Red Cross of Russia from the former Dowager Empress

The Zemstvos Union began to organize hospitals, hospital trains; to appoint units for providing food, and soon its activities were making themselves felt at the front. Proving itself capable of coping with problems at the front, the Union found itself given more and more varied duties. Its tasks heaped up and multiplied. It increased the number of its units at the front, it established stores of various kinds at the front, with bases in the rear, and working together with the Ministry of War it established medical organizations, provided canteens, bath-houses, and laundries. It undertook the feeding of over 300,000 men occupied in war construction immediately in the rear of the army. The medico-sanitary work with its units for dealing with infectious diseases, its units for vaccination, its disinfecting units, its bacteriological laboratories, its drug stores at the front and base and the numbers of portable bathhouses progressed rapidly. It also fell to the Union of Zemstvos to see to the relief of refugees for whom it organized a network of canteens, medical institutions, labor bureaus, children's refuges, workshops, etc.

We have seen how the Zemstvos Union started out originally only to look after the relief of the sick and wounded returning to the interior and how it devolved upon it to gradually extend its activities. The Zemstvos Union had primitively planned to provide and maintain not over 30,000 hospital beds. During the first weeks of war the number of wounded grew so rapidly that neither the Army Medical Service nor the Red Cross Society found themselves able to cope with the situation without calling in aid. The Military authorities estimated how many hospital beds would be needed in the interior, and in co-operation with the Union of Zemstvos and the Union of municipalities, arrangements were made to send hospital trains to Petrograd, Moscow, Orel, Kursk, and Kharkov and later to Ekaterinoslav and Rostov-on-the-Don as well. These cities were to become centres to receive

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the wounded from the hospital trains, to give them medical attention and after a few days' rest to send them to places in the interior for additional treatment at the hospitals in these places.

It was found that 280,000 hospital beds would have to be provided in order to be able to accommodate the sick and wounded. The Union of Zemstvos and the Union of Municipalities agreed to provide 155,400 beds, the Zemstvos Union undertaking to be responsible for two-thirds of the number. Later, the demand increasing, it was found necessary to provide many more beds. At the end of 1915 the Zemstvos Union was providing over 170,000 beds and had become the towering factor among the organizations caring for the wounded and the sick. During this time the War Office had provided 160,000 beds, the Moscow Municipality about 75,000, the Union of Municipalities about 70,000 and the Red Cross Society about 48,000 beds. Over and above 3,000 hospitals now have beds maintained by the Zemstvos Union.

The Zemstvos Union found itself undertaking the entire work of founding distributing and evacuating centres, for the military authorities could not cope with the problem. Authority was granted the Zemstvos Union to manage these centres practically independently and to look after the business of accepting the wounded soldiers, registering them and then sending them on to the hospitals situated in the interior of Russia.

All the Zemstvos have been working in close coöperation in this colossal work. They have worked enthusiastically and thousands of beds have been equipped daily so that accommodations might not be found lacking for the continuous stream of sick and wounded.

IN THE RUSSIAN TRENCHES

When the military authorities could no longer cope with the problem of handling the work of distributing and evacuating centres, the burden fell upon the Union of Zemstvos, who were given full authority

The Union of Zemstvos has erected special hospitals to treat infectious diseases, an attendant evil in every war. In fact, the Union at the very beginning of the war proceeded to take measures to counteract the spread of such diseases. It took all available measures to prevent such diseases being brought into the army, and where infection had cropped up in spite of precautionary measures, by localizing the infected areas the spread of the infection was soon prevented. The Zemstvos Union found it necessary to lay down sanitary and hygienic regulations for the civil population with whom the army was bound to come in close touch. In addition to the sanitary and hygienic measures, such as providing good drinking water for the army, founding centres for the distribution of good food and so keeping

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up the general health of the men and strengthening their powers of resistance, the Zemstvos Union established special hospitals for any who had contracted infectious diseases. Wherever there was any concentration of soldiers they put up hospitals to care for the sufferers from infectious diseases, not only from the immediate neighborhood but even for those who fell ill and had to be removed from passing

RUSSIA'S FIGHTING MACHINE

During the first few weeks of the war, the number of wounded increased so rapidly that neither the Army Medical Service nor the Red Cross Society could cope with the situation

trains. To protect the civil population, all infectious cases from the front have been kept in isolation hospitals sufficiently in the rear of the front rather than risk spreading infection by sending the patients to the interior. Large isolation hospitals were established and in them the infectious patients have been kept until complete recovery has been made. However, it was found that these isolation hospitals have not kept infectious diseases from cropping up in the outlying districts, and so isolation hospitals were established at the distribution centres to which all infectious cases and all suspected cases of infectious disease may be removed from the hospital trains coming from the front. In spite of all protective measures infectious diseases began to appear in the interior of the country, particularly after the arrival of prisoners from the Turkish theatre of war, and it was found essential to erect isolation hospitals in the interior. Existing hospitals were adapted to the needs or new hospitals were built. Russia is now covered with a network of such hospitals.

In spite of all this the General Committee of the Zemstvos Union found their work insufficient and at the beginning of 1915 presented a plan of necessary measures to the Council of Ministers for its approval. The Council of Ministers, opposed to the complete materialization of the plans of the Zemstvos Union refused to grant the necessary financial aid, and the plan to properly systematize this enormous work failed. Still whenever the Government or the military authorities found need of effective handling of an outcropping of infection they always called upon the Zemstvos Union for its aid.

The Union of Zemstvos has given time and thought to the problem of the treatment of consumptive soldiers. It has arranged for the after care of patients in need of a period of rest at health resorts.

In the summer of 1915, the problem of removing hospitals from almost occupied or threatened territories to the interior became a grave question for the military authorities. In August, 1915, the Zemstvos Union was appealed to to undertake the erecting of special

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buildings for such emergencies. The Chief of the General Staff informed the Union that this was an urgent matter requiring completion within the shortest possible time. In his words, "in the opinion of the military authorities, the Union of Zemstvos which had already proved itself so efficient, appeared to be the organization most fitted to carry out this work in the limited time available."

In spite of the shortage of time, the extreme difficulty in getting labor and building materials, the Union did not feel that it could refuse to undertake this new task. The Zemstvos of the various governments took upon themselves the erection of the necessary buildings in specified localities, and by its great zeal and the intensive application of the local Zemstvo workers, the Union of Zemstvos succeeded in accomplishing even this task.

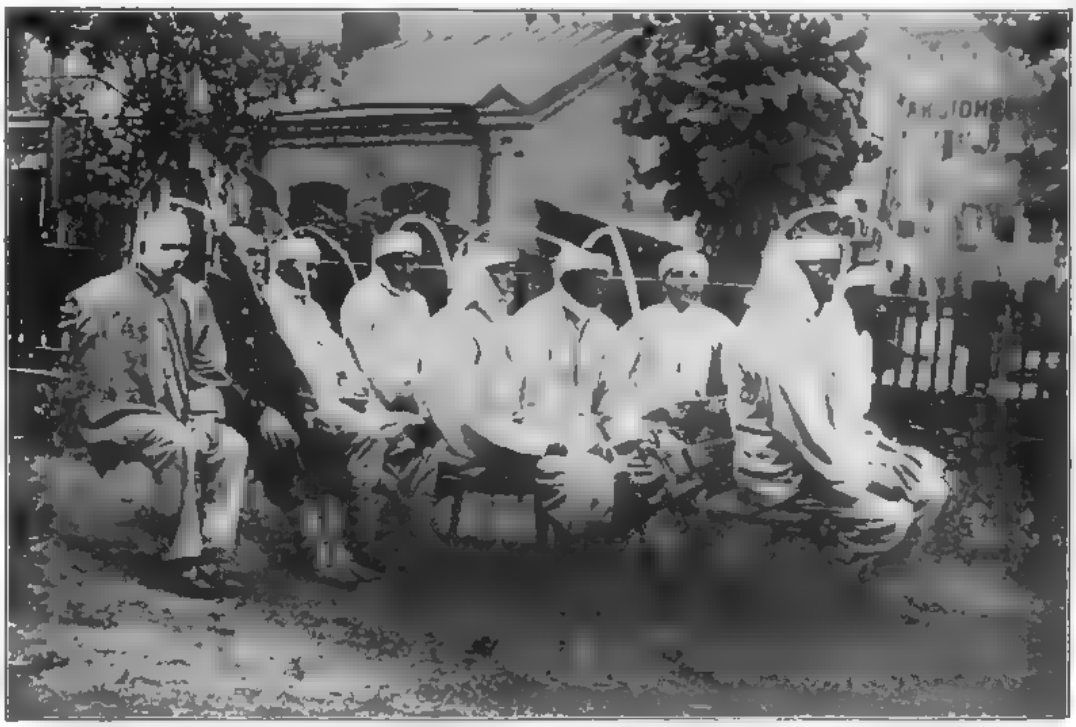
The Union erected not only the hospitals, but fitted out hospital trains for bringing the wounded soldiers. A Special Commission appointed by the General Committee considered and resolved upon a type of train best adapted for the needs of the wounded soldiers, and the type they decided upon is what has been successfully used all through the war.

The Union was requested by Headquarters to undertake the setting up of fifty trains and to run them for the entire period of this war. The cars given to the Union by the military authorities were adapted for the conveyance of the wounded; medical and household appliances were provided and the necessary medical staffs appointed.

The work connected with the repairs and maintenance of the hospital trains is carried on at special workshops established in Moscow. The Union has established at Moscow provision stores, sheds to store trains, stores of underclothing, a special washhouse, workshops for repairing trains and lodging-houses for sanitary officers and the medical staff.

Besides erecting stationary hospitals, it was found necessary to have more movable organizations at the front. There was need of organizations easily able to approach the fighting line to render help during the fight, and to follow the armies in their marches. It was the Union again that supplied the necessary detachments with sufficient medical staffs, stores of supplies for the wounded and overworked soldiers, and good means of conveyance for the wounded. The first of these units was organized at the request of General Brusiloff and sent to the front on September 24, 1914. At least twenty of these units were soon organized.

These units render first-aid, give food to the wounded and carry them to the nearest hos-



A PART OF THE ARMY OF WOUNDED

The Union of Zemstvos (the Zemstvo is a local representative governing body) had become such an important factor in caring for the wounded that by the end of 1915 it had become the chief factor in the work of relief

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pitals or evacuating centres. Each of these units usually has a base for storing supplies and a small transport. The ambulance and feeding transports work in close coöperation with these units, but have the advantage of greater carrying powers and greater mobility, for these are not tied to their bases. Vans and carts drawn by horses are the principal means of conveyance, though very often motor cars are used to carry the wounded. In the Carpathians and in the Caucasus pack-horses, donkeys, mules, and camels do the transporting.

When the wounded are brought to the ambulance detachments they receive immediate medical attention, are fed and in cases of urgency operated upon the spot. To this end many of the ambulance convoys are perfectly equipped with every surgical appliance needed in serious or complicated operations. When there is a lull in the fighting, the detachments occupy themselves with the feeding and medical attendance of the civilian population and refugees, in addition to caring for the troops. Large quantities of medical supplies and provisions are kept at the base in the rear of the fighting lines, for being in close attendance upon the fighting lines these detachments cannot carry large medical and provision supplies. Transport wagons carry supplies from the bases in the rear to the front and return loaded with wounded soldiers. In the main, each detachment attaches itself to a unit of the army, a corps or a division, and accompanies it through every turn in battle, sharing its victories and suffering with it in its mishaps. So we find a strong friendly sentiment existing between the army and the workers of social organizations.

To gather together the necessary enormous quantities of supplies for the institutions of the Union and to meet the needs of the Commissariat Department, the Zemstvos Union has been forced to try the markets of some of the Allied and neutral countries. Thus the Russian market has for some time been exhausted of footgear, and the Union formed a Special Committee in New York with the object of buying various kinds of supplies for the army, boots and shoes included. To obtain the necessary medicines for all the organizations of the Union, it was necessary to go to the markets of America, England, France, and Japan. A Special Committee of the Union was established in London and its duty has been to purchase large quantities of medicaments and other goods in the foreign markets. The Union supplies not only the needs of the army but that of many permanent institutions as well. Gradually the Union has become a purchasing agent on an enormous scale.

At first the work at the front was supervised by special delegates of the General Committee who were put in charge of the many institutions supplying the needs of the army To systematize the work at the fronts the Union formed special Front Committees. These communicate with the proper military authorities and get information concerning the needs of the army, which they have been appointed to satisfy.

Many organizations of the Union have been working in different parts of the army and receiving orders from the military authorities, and so it was finally decided to create closer relations between these committees and the special Front Committees, by the appointing of delegates from the Union at the army's headquarters.

The Zemstvos Union fulfills a threefold function at the fronts. It provides necessaries for the army, it looks after the men engaged in digging trenches, mending roads, etc., and it helps the refugees and all civilians in need of help. In fact, the Union has ably met every newborn need of the army and civilian populations in the war theatres. It has sent out detachments to inoculate against cholera and typhoid fever, it has erected baths and washhouses where the soldiers' dirty linen is taken to be washed and washed articles given them in return. In February, 1915, at the request of the Chief of the Commissariat, the Warsaw Committee of the Union opened two stores providing cheap articles necessary for the soldiers. This undertaking was so successful that many other military units asked the Union to open similar shops for them. So a whole chain of shops has spread along the fronts. Some are selling bread baked in their own bakeries or received from the nearest town.

To prevent the spread of disease likely to result from the unchecked movement of refugees to and from the army lines, the Union found it necessary to establish medical and food-providing centres as well as isolation hospitals for infectious diseases along the railroads and ordinary roads. At the canteens fodder for cattle is provided, and bath-houses and laundries have been set up, and clothes and underclothing are distributed. Guides have been appointed to help the refugees on their way, public nurseries have been established to provide for the children, labor bureaus and juridical offices have come into being, all to help the passing refugees.

During the year 1914-1915 alone the Union established 2,500 institutions at the fronts, all called forth by the needs of the time. Still we find the needs of army far from fully satisfied and the Union's powers of action not yet all spent.

LETTERS OF A WAR WORKER

The Letters of a Young American Girl to Her Parents, Describing Her Experiences in Paris and Chambéry

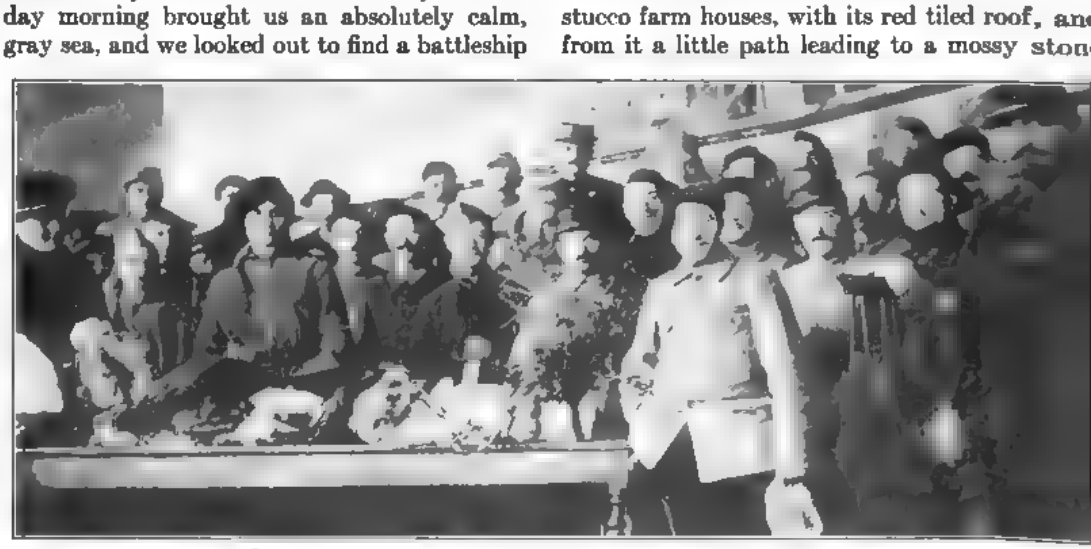
BY
THEODORA DUNHAM

Paris, October 2, 1916.

DEAR M——.

I must tell you immediately of our arrival and first day in Paris, and if it is stupidly done, attribute it, please, to a lack of sleep for two nights. The usual ship's concert took place Saturday, for in spite of danger zones, life on shipboard goes on in a very normal way, except that you have your heavy coat and life-preserver close by your bunk at night, and often when you go on deck you wonder how on earth you would ever manage to climb down those unsteady rope ladders that have been hung over the ship's sides for the last few days. Sunday morning brought us an absolutely calm, gray sea, and we looked out to find a battleship convoying us on either side, grim, gray ships, on a smooth gray sea, and the horrible feeling that something grimmer and grayer than either was lurking beneath that inscrutable water!

Our first view of land was a long yellow beach and a tall white lighthouse rising from a brown stretch of underbrush a little farther back. Then we came to the mouth of the Gironde, passed ships from all parts of the world lying at anchor there, and went on up the river. As the banks came very close to us, we looked down on lovely groves of poplar and willow growing low to the shore, and every once in a while there would be one of those cream-colored stucco farm houses, with its red tiled roof, and from it a little path leading to a mossy stone



A DEPÔT OF THE AMERICAN FUND FOR FRENCH WOUNDED

"It is situated in the Alcazar d'Été and was before the war one of the gayest cafés in Paris. Now there are bales piled high against the gilded mirrors and the dancing girls on the ceilings look down upon a throng of women busily packing cases of hospital supplies"

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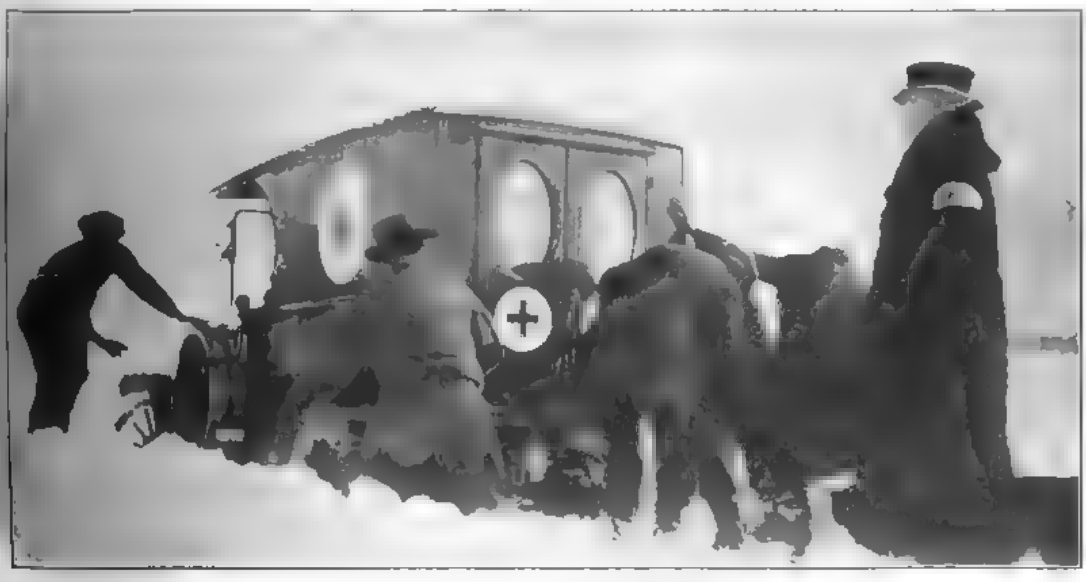
BRINGING CHEER TO THE WOUNDED

"Yesterday was the happiest New Year's Day I have ever spent We were up early piling the two wicker trays, which we had decorated with holly and laurel, with presents"

pier jutting out a few feet into the water and sheltering on either side curiously shaped and painted boats. Very often, as we passed one of these cottages, a group of children would come running down to the pier and stand there waving their aprons and their little hands and cheering the good ship that had come past the submarines. You must imagine over all this scene, the soft, calming, light of the sunset, and get, if you can, the whiff of the land that came sweetly to us, as we stood in the bow and wondered if there could be such a thing as war. I cannot half describe the peace of that first view of France. Then, jarringly, came the thought of human brutalness. We saw a steamer coming towards us that should have sailed the day before but was held by a rumor of submarines. After she had passed, we looked down again on that fertile land and the little glimpses of quiet, human life, and there came a great longing to each one of us to help end the scourge that was hidden even in this scene.



STALLED IN A SNOWBANK

"Here I am a full-fledged chauffeur and a hardworking one, too The motor examination was not stiff nor do I find the driving very difficult except for the skidding which is a common occurrence, chains being forbidden on account of the wooden pavements"

We arrived in Paris about eight, and the city seems very natural and familiar. There are a great many taxis and the motor busses run along the Grandes Boulevards, but nowhere else. Private motors are still about, but many are painted gray, and have the white military license numbers on them, and all are occupied by officers.

We found our rooms waiting for us at the hotel, and everything very much as usual there, except that in the dining-room there was only one sickly looking waiter and a very young boy. After breakfast, we went immediately to headquarters of the American Fund for French Wounded, where we were to work. It is situated in the Alcazar d'Eté on the Ave. Gabriel, and was before the war one of the gayest cafés in Paris. Now there are bales piled high against the gilded mirrors, and the dancing girls on the ceiling look down upon a throng of women busily packing cases of hospital supplies to be shipped all over France. And in the theatre are now stacked hundreds upon hundreds of cases, containing the hospital clothes and surgical dressings made and sent over by the earnest-working committees in America.

I was taken over to the garage, which is on a tiny alley running off Rue Campagne 1ère in the Latin Quarter and introduced to all the cars. There is "Boston," a truck with huge Red Crosses on both sides, and on the doors

"BOSTON" DEVELOPS ENGINE TROUBLE

"I was taken over to the garage and introduced to all the cars. There is 'Boston,' a truck with a Red Cross on both sides. Then there is 'Elizabeth,' a ning gray camion, 'Magnolia,' 'Eddy,' 'St ' and another truck known as 'San Francisco'"

UNLOADING COMFORTS

"I go to either one or two hospitals every afternoon with my truck loaded with six or eight cases or bales of bandages and clothes"

of the back, called by that name because it was given and is supported by the Boston Committee. Then there is "Elizabeth," a cunning gray camion. "George" another of the same ilk, "Magnolia," "Eddy," "St. Paul" (a heavy machine this), a nameless gray car given by the Red Cross, and another truck known as "San Francisco."

Nov. 4, 1916.

DEAR F——.

Here I am a full-fledged chauffeur and a hard working one too. The motor examination was not stiff nor do I find the driving very difficult, except for the skidding which is such a common occurrence, chains being forbidden on account of the wooden pavements, that I am almost used to it. A motor license is only one of the numerous papers one has to carry. There is your "permit de séjour," allowing you to live in Paris, which you get from the police of your arrondissement, a "saufe-conduit," giving you permission to drive a car in the zone of the interior, for which you must go to the Grand Prefecture opposite Notre Dame, and which must be renewed every month, and your paper of immatriculation registering you as a stranger.

We are now comfortably established in our apartment three doors from the garage, with a maid to do all our cooking, house-cleaning, marketing and even some of the washing, for $12 a month. Also we have invested in two birds. There hardly seems a window over here

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EN ROUTE TO CHAMBÉRY

"My lights were so dim that I thought it advisable to turn them out . . . . and so we drove for two hours . . . . every once in a while having a suspicion that there was something ahead and switching on the lights just in time to prevent a collision with an ox-cart"

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that hasn't a bird-cage of some kind hanging outside of it. Perhaps you would like to hear of a day's work as chauffeur.

Well, every morning I am over at the garage before eight, getting the key from the funny old concierge, throwing open the big wooden doors, and running out the cars to the water-pipe for a very decrepit old man to wash. Then I run to the apartment for some breakfast, and am back by 8:30 to see how he has gotten along. The washing is a hasty affair, and only makes the upper part of the car a little more respectable; the real cleaning remains for us to do on Saturdays. There is always the inside of the car to be brushed out, gasolene to be put in the tank—by the way, it is a dollar a *bidon* (a *bidon* being only very little more than a gallon) now—the engine to be oiled and looked over and the radiator filled before we start off for headquarters. It's a splendid feeling to be driving your own truck down Raspail, and I thrill with pride when I cross the Place de la Concorde and look up the Champs Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe looking down at me.

The morning is taken up with errands, usually, bales of old clothes to be sent to some *vestiere*, or the doctor of the Fund to be taken to investigate some hospital. Then comes an hour off for lunch, which we usually spend at Duvals thoroughly enjoying a mutton stew, followed by a *petit suisse* and *confiture*. At two, all hands are back at work and we motor-

"TITO"

The author's dog, which crossed the ocean and accompanied her on all her trips. "Tito is allowed in all the hospitals and has had several invitations to go back into the trenches"

A LOAD OF WOUNDED

"They gave me another *blessé*. He was quite miserable and not inclined to talk. As they were taking him out his coat fell back and I saw the Croix de Guerre and the Medaille Militaire on his breast"

drivers dash upstairs to find out what delivery has been assigned to us. There are cases to be delivered to hospitals in Paris and also to those at Versailles and other places an hour's ride from the city. Of course the out-of-town deliveries are the most interesting.

We went to Pontoise yesterday afternoon, to an enormous military hospital which was just being started. It was dark when we had gotten our things unloaded, and the rain, which had held off the first part of the day, came down hard. It was getting cold, too. B— crept into the back and sat on a couple of empty sacks and I buttoned up my coat well, let down the windshield in order to see a little better, and let old "Boston" go. My batteries were weak and my lights so dim that I thought it advisable to turn them out, while we were in the country, and so we drove on for full two hours, B— in the back every once in a while saying something that I couldn't really hear, I in front, very wet, peering ahead into the darkness, trying to make out the road by the tall trees on either side, which I felt must be there rather than really saw, every once in a while having a suspicion that there was something ahead and switching on the lights just in time to prevent a collision with an ox-cart, and then once past, going on again, hoping we were on the right road and praying that the tires would hold. At last we did reach the gates of Paris and then came the nerve-racking slippery drive

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THE EVER-SMILING POILU

"Often you see a man sitting on his bed, one trouser leg pinned up and the Croix de Guerre on his breast; and you see others that lie almost motionless on their beds but there is always a smile when you pass"

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in through the crowded parts of the city and over to the garage. Dimly lighted streets, horse-cars, taxis, heavy military camions, each going in its own direction and as fast as possible. You don't mind that, but the terrifying part is turning half a circle every time you stop and knowing that the other fellow must do likewise and it's only luck that keeps the two cars from crashing into each other.

Dinner tastes good after a ride like that and then there's no other place as nice as bed.

Paris, Saturday, Dec. 1, 1916.

DEAR M——.

We worked at the cars yesterday from nine until almost seven, and didn't realize that we had had no lunch until half-past two. Then we went to the apartment, made some coffee and an omelet and had a delicious meal of that, with cheese and bread added. You see it is Saturday and no deliveries are made to-day, but the cars are thoroughly looked over and washed to be ready for next week's work. It's a most annoying job to wash a car. Oh, the slop and the mess don't matter if only it would get clean! You go all over it with the hose, then scrub it with a brush until all the mud is off, one last washing with the hose and the car looks shiny and clean. But wait until it dries —all the dirt that you were so sure was off reappears and the car is almost more of a sight than when you started! A good washing takes almost all morning. Then there are the twenty-seven grease cups to be filled, perhaps a fan belt to be tightened, spark plugs to be cleaned, and the whole engine wiped off. Sometimes there is an old tire to be gotten off a rusty rim, and that means an all day's work with another driver or two to help. It's strenuous work, but it's fun to laugh at a fellow-worker in overalls, with greasy, black hands, and a smutch across her face, crawling out after an hour's work underneath her car!

Chambéry, Savoie, Dec. 29, 1916.

DEAR M——.

What a surprise you will have to see Chambéry at the top of this page instead of Paris! We have been sent down here to visit the hospitals in this region, the tubercular ones especially, and to report on their conditions and their needs. In fact, for a while at least, we are to establish a branch here, receiving cases of supplies from headquarters by rail and redistributing them ourselves as we see fit.

Oh, the dreary start we had from Paris! The car that was to accompany us had gone on ahead, as our departure had been postponed several days on account of tire trouble. So we started off, just three of us, across France in the pouring rain, with no knowledge of a motor, and no knowledge of the route we were to follow. The car was heavily loaded, first with our own personal baggage, then with surprise bags, which we were to give out Christmas morning, a case of pipes, and several *ballots* of hospital supplies.

We passed Corbeil soon after twelve, and I think it was desperation rather than hunger that made us stop to eat in the hopes that we might feel more cheerful afterwards. It was just the outskirts of the town that our road ran through, and there was no attractive eating place in sight. Still we resolved to try the only place with the sign "café" above the door, and found the inside far nicer than the outside. A fat, cheery old man wiped off the top of a stone table for us, and his wife cooked us an excellent piece of meat and some potatoes.

Lunch had been an excellent idea, and we pushed on with new courage! Fountainebleau was reached soon after three, and although it was beginning to grow dark we decided to push on to Sens. It did seem too foolish to start out on a trip across France, and spend the night at Fontainebleau! Just as we left the château we saw some troops drilling in a field to our right. There was a patch of bright yellow light on the horizon just beyond them where the clouds had cleared above the sunset, and they stood out quite distinctly against it. If only war were all like that how picturesque it would be! Then we passed through Moiret, a delightful little town with its old watch towers still standing, and were off again on a smooth straight road. The country was more rolling now, and the clouds breaking in the sky, so that lovely sunset lights came out behind us, and the whole landscape was bathed in lavender. Darkness came quite rapidly and we were still thirty kilometres from Sens when we had to switch on the lights. There was not a soul on the road. We passed through one village. A light by the first house warned us that we were approaching it. Then there was a light at the last house, but no sign of life in between, only tightly shuttered windows and closed doors. It was a lonely feeling passing through villages like that. There was one time when we thought we had missed the road, for Sens did not appear, and I got out, and with my pocket light, knelt by the little white milestone at the side of the road and tried to read the almost obliterated lettering—10 kilometres to Sens. Courage! And so we got there just in time for dinner.

We tried to make an early start the next morning, but there was no gasolene to be had in the town, and we had to present our "bon" from the minister of war, entitling us to some,

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at the mairie, before we could get any from the military authorities. We followed a river a good part of the day, and the country reminded me strongly of Jules Guerin's posters. At Joigny we stopped for lunch, and again the hotel was crowded with officers. Once in a while a military car rushed by us on the road, and at long intervals we would pass an ox-cart. There was one place where we saw a case of gasolene for sale, and stopped to fill our tank. A bent old man came out to see us, and with tears in his eyes thanked us for coming over to help France. And this is not the only place where such a thing has happened to us. Over and over again, in shops and in the streets old men and women have come up to us, and thanked us, and admired the work that we were doing. Can any one say that France is not appreciative! And how little we are doing.

Christmas Eve we arrived at St. Genix. Just outside we passed a man and inquired which was the best hotel to go to. "Oh," he said, "the one by the station is a nice homelike place, but the one on the hill takes in nobody that has not written ahead for rooms." We immediately found our way to the one on the hill—the Grand Hotel du Château La Bulley. There was no garage in the town, and I made room for "Boston" in among the farm carts in an old stone stable. Then while the rain poured down outside I hung my lamp on the shaft of one of the carts, perched on "Boston's" front mudguard, and cleaned all the spark-plugs. Winter vegetables were stacked all around me, and the lamp made weird shadows in the corners and on the heavy roof beams, and I felt very much alone. I thought of the people at home hanging up their Christmas stockings, but somehow I didn't want to be there. And then I thought of the Christmas Eve that many people were spending here in France.

They called me for dinner very soon, and I went into a deserted hotel dining room, with an old stove in the centre. The proprietor was there with her daughter. Her husband was at the front, and a son was a prisoner in Germany. You can imagine that perhaps it was a little hard to talk this Christmas Eve. We wandered out afterwards into the dimly lighted village streets. It was still raining and nobody was out. The church stood opposite the hotel and we went in. There were many candles on the altar, but the rest of the church was dark, and we could hardly see the crowd of kneeling figures—old, old, men, and women dressed in black. The hush of death was in that place, and oh, God! how earnestly they prayed. Silently we left, and silently we went to bed. Far into the night the church bells rang—"Peace on earth, good will toward men"—when will it ever come?

We were up early Christmas morning, and after having some undrinkable coffee, and the remainder of the La Bulley cake, which was so awful that only politeness had forced it down our throats the night before, we started for the stable. There was "Boston," mud from its roof to its axles, but otherwise, I thought, in excellent condition. I put my foot on the self-starter—not a sound! The batteries had completely given out. What an early morning Christmas present to give to a person! There wasn't a man in the place who would know how to crank that car! I took my can of *essence* and poured a generous amount in each pet-cock. Then I got out my crank, slipped it into place, and gave it a good turn. It actually responded and I can tell you I kept that motor racing until we were all packed in, I was so afraid it would "die on me!"

The scenery that Christmas morning was truly magnificent. What seemed impassable mountains rising all around us, and then, quite unexpectedly, a narrow gorge breaking in between them with its rushing stream and its overhanging crags. Then came the climb up beyond Les Eschelles, a climb so gradual that at first I hardly knew we were climbing at all, only that "Boston" kept crawling more and more slowly, and the valley dropped farther and farther below us. The road led through a dark tunnel, and on the other side of it we found snow. It got quite deep farther on, and the track of a sledge was the only thing that made the road passable. I said to myself, "Boston" will never get through this!" and a Christmas dinner with the friends that had left before us and were already at Chambéry, seemed very far away. But "Boston" stuck at it, and we did get through, and never shall I forget the joy of that winding descent, and the gleam of the aluminum cross which marks the top of the "Nivolet" mountain rising above Chambéry!

My Christmas wish—Chambéry, a bath, clean clothes, and some letters—was fulfilled!

Hotel de France, Chambéry, Jan. 2, 1917.

DEAR F—.

Your Christmas cheque was awaiting me here, when we arrived in time for lunch on Christmas day. Thank you so much. I haven't yet decided to what use I shall put it, but it will be something for the splendid French people that need all the friendship and help we can give them.

Yesterday was the happiest New Year's day I have ever spent. We were up early, piling the two wicker trays which we had decorated with

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holly and laurel the night before, with presents. On one tray was candy and cigarettes tied in bunches of three, with bits of tri-colored ribbon, and on the other pipes, playing cards, knives and other little presents of a similar character. We had also several *ballots* of surprise bags, enough to give about twenty-five to each of the four hospitals we visited. Of course the ideal thing would have been a surprise bag for each man, but our supply would not extend that far. We got over the difficulty of deciding which should have the surprise bags, and which the other presents, by having a wheel of chance and giving each man a number, the first twenty-five numbers being the lucky ones.

The first hospital we visited was Number 113, with seventy-eight patients. The building had been used for a school before the war, and was big and airy. Dorothy A—— and I took turns carrying the cigarette tray around, wishing the men a Happy New Year, and giving each one a package of cigarettes and some candy. It is touching to see how they love their bits of tri-colored ribbon. I think they would rather have a tiny French flag than anything else. Then the numbers were passed around, and the drawing began. The men enjoyed it keenly, the ones who were able to move about coming up for the presents to me, and taking the things to those who were in bed. The Poilu is a most grateful and simple person. If you pass him a box full of cigarettes, he has to be strongly urged before he will take more than one. He is usually shy, but loves to talk about his family, or any other subject, whenever you get him started. As for the work that we do over here, to him it is always *magnifique*. In each hospital either the Médecin Chef, or one of the leaders among the men, made us a little speech, and the way a Frenchmen can express in one sentence his feelings of gratitude and friendship, the ideals for which he is fighting, and we are working, and all the sympathy there is between us, is, to me, a continual marvel.

You often hear, in discussing the war, with people, that no Nation ever fights for ideals alone. Whether that is, on the whole, true, I do not know; but I, myself, am convinced that the French soldier is an essentially spiritual person, that he longs for peace, but that he realizes that peace cannot be had until there is an absolute guarantee that the crimes of Belgium and Serbia will never occur again. This is wretchedly expressed. If a Frenchman were writing it, just a peasant, you would feel what I mean more than I could ever make you feel it.

I must end this letter now, but you can see what a busy and wonderful day we had; and we went to bed very thankful that we had the opportunity to start the New Year by bringing a little happiness to men who deserved so much.

Chambéry, Jan. 15, 1917.

DEAR M——.

Since we have been down here I have had the chance to visit the hospitals, talk with the men and stay a little while, and have realized more than I ever did before, the gloomy, depressing monotony of hospital life. In Paris I never had time for much of a visit. I would go around the hospital with one of the head nurses, while my deliveries were being unloaded, say a few words to the men and then dash off again on more deliveries. There is no provision made anywhere for the amusement and occupation of the men. I don't know how it is at the American Ambulance, for I haven't gone over that yet, but the only hospital that I have seen where the men had any real work to do was at an auxiliary hospital which a French woman had arranged in the farm buildings of her estate and where the men were doing wood carving in the carpenter shop. Usually you do find one or two games of checkers, or a pack of filthy cards to a hospital, and two or three times I have seen men stringing beads and making hideous table covers of knotted silk. But for the most part the men in bed just lie there. The men on crutches lounge around, smoke and talk to each other. You can imagine, when you take into consideration that so many of the buildings are old and the walls a dingy gray, how depressing it is to be in them day after day, and month after month, with horrible memories behind you, and nothing to look forward to but another turn in the trenches, another wound, the same months in the hospital, everything all over again—or else a return to a family that is struggling to keep alive, a return probably not to help but to be a burden.

There is one hospital here—Hosp. No. 1 Rue Waldeck-Rousseau, in which there are at present only twenty-seven men, all convalescing, able to walk around the ward, some with arms in slings, heads bandaged, or else on crutches (not their heads you know). We hadn't been introduced to that hospital in time for the New Year's celebration, but we gave them a party day before yesterday. As we left, it suddenly occurred to me that what that place needed more than anything else was music. The others went back to tea, but Miss P— and I found the sole phonograph in Chambéry, took it back to the hospital immediately, together with three excellent double records of French patriotic songs, and soon had the men gathered around it with smiles on their faces,

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and finally joining in the choruses! I went to bed that night feeling like a different person!

For me the New Year has started marvellously; may it go so with you too.

Chambéry Feb. 10, 1917.

DEAR F——.

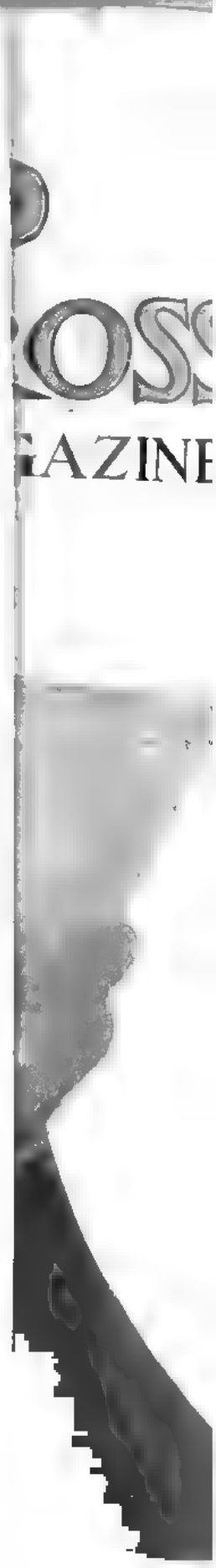
My job as chauffeur is not a strenuous one. There are nine hospitals here, all within two blocks of each other, so that I no sooner get on high speed than I have to stop, jump out, send a saluting military gentleman to find the infirmiére majeure, and when that personage arrives make my little speech. *Bon jour, Ma Mere* or *Ma Soeur* or just plain *Madame. J'ai trois caisses pour vous de la part du Comité Americaine.* (I have three boxes for you from the American Committee), etc." Then I am usually clasped by both hands, sometimes kissed on both cheeks and taken upstairs where clothes of every description are unpacked and admired. The other day I even drank a glass of liquor with ma soeur Chlorinde up at the hospice civile!

That is an enormous place, built quite like our hospitals, on top of the hill with the most beautiful view across Chambéry to the "Nivolet" with its aluminum cross shining on the summit. All the serious cases come here from the Sacré Coeur (an old asylum for deaf and dumb) to be operated on. As it was a hospital before the war, it has better operating equipment than some of the others. While I was up there one morning, a battered box of shreaded wheat biscuit was brought out and I was asked to explain how it was to be used. I suppose it had been sent either by some war relief committee or some American who happened to have it over here, and no one knew what to do with it. Two deliveries usually fill the morning and then "Boston" is carefully put away and we go back to lunch. Tito (the author's pet dog) is allowed in all the hospitals and has had several invitations to go back to the trenches. In the afternoon there is usually a knitting lesson, or the phonograph to be moved on to another ward. For the last few days we have been sorting over surprise bags, over 500 of them, in preparation for Lincoln's Birthday. We find it necessary to do this for the bags are so uneven in quality. Some contain only games, others only useful articles, soap, a tooth-brush and wash-cloth, so we add a pair of warm socks to almost all, a tin of jam or sardines to those that have nothing to eat, and a piece of soap to those whose wash-rag contains none. We all enjoy this part of the work immensely, for it is interesting and touching to see how many of the bags come from people in little out-of-the-way places, Camden, Maine, Wayzata, Minn., etc., and often you can easily imagine the funny little country store in which the handkerchief and pad were bought."

Chambéry, March 5, 1917.

DEAR M——.

Must snatch a moment to say we have just had our first service as ambulanciers! I was just turning over, about 6:30, for the last precious hour of bed, when there came a knock on my door and the proprietress, Mme. Luyon, came in to say the Chef du Parc had said a train would arrive in twenty minutes. I shot out of bed and into my clothes, snatched a roll off the coffee tray, met my own breakfast on the way upstairs and fled past it, round to the garage. Luckily two of the boys were there and we had them hustling, putting in benches and blankets, and fortunately the car was not fussy about starting. So we were actually at the station twenty minutes after being called! There were two camions and a couple of military cars lined up already, so we backed neatly into position in the row of red crosses, and awaited the train. The Chef du Parc asked me if I would be willing to take a *couché* (a wounded soldier unable to sit up) and himself arranged the stretcher across my benches. An infirmier got in too and with my precious load carefully arranged, I went off to the Jeanne d'Arc Hospital. He was a nice, curly-haired little man, was my *blessé*, and I told him he was my first and hoped I'd not jounced him too much. Then I tore back with the infirmier and empty brancard to the station where they promptly gave me another blessé. He was quite miserable and not inclined to talk, so I hurried him off to another hospital. As they were taking him out, his coat fell back and I saw the Croix de Guerre, and the Medaille Militaire on his breast. I would have spoken to congratulate him, but there were too many men around him getting him in. Once more I flew back, and this time the cranky little old Médecin-Chef decreed me a third *couché*, a perfectly sweet man who lay very still with his arms crossed on his breast, and let his head sink comfortably on to the blanket I put under it. With him I took an infirmier and beside me the administrateur-person of the hospital and we went off. I waited for the infirmier and all the stretchers belonging to the train sanitaire and took them back to the station. All the wounded were now accounted for (41-*evacués*, of course from front hospitals—been since Sunday on the way) and I got my dismissal from the Médecin-Chef. We are the first of the American Fund for French Wounded who have carried wounded.



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CHICAGO SETS A RECORD

How the Metropolis of the West Inaugurated and Carried Through a Whirlwind Membership Campaign for the Red Cross—The Plan of the "Drive" and the Extraordinary Response

BY

IRVING S. SAYFORD

"TEN thousand Red Cross memberships a day for thirty days, and more to come."

That is Chicago's answer to the Nation's call for a greater Red Cross to meet the needs of earth's most bitter war. Chicago, in population the world's fifth city, in one month became one of the world's first Red Cross cities. From May 2d to June 2d it added to its 17,000 existent membership 300,000 new names, and many believe the popular momentum attained by it will carry the final total well over the half-million mark.

There are three chief facts to be borne in mind in a survey of the Chicago achievement: 1. Its cosmopolitanism; 2. Its high financial grade; 3. Its low cost. Broadly speaking, every station in life contributed to this greater membership. The 300,000 memberships paid for averaged approximately two dollars. The expense of getting them was less than five cents each. But important as these facts are, they fall into second rank when placed beside the powerful impulse of humanity stirred to life by the call of a people's need.

When that call went out, the best life of Chicago responded. There was no frittering away of time in formal preparation. The organization necessary to the success of the undertaking was created and assembled swiftly by men accustomed to manage big things in a big way. The machinery was made ready and tested out before the campaign whistle blew the hands to work. To steer the campaign there was appointed an executive committee composed of twelve of the city's most active men: James Simpson, chairman; Frank B. Bowes, Samuel H. Hastings, Walter D. Moody, John W. O'Leary, A. A. Sprague II, John W. Scott, William H. Rankin, Homer A. Stillwell, Charles H. Wacker, Thomas E. Wilson, and Marquis Eaton (ex-officio), chairman of the Chicago Chapter of the Red Cross.

The personnel of this committee included the vice-president of the largest wholesale and retail department store west of New York; the general traffic agent of a great railroad; the secretary of a scales corporation of national scope; the manager of the widely known Chicago Plan Committee; the secretary-treasurer of an iron works; the vice-president of a wholesale grocery house dealing from coast to coast; a member of one of the oldest dry goods firms in the country; the president of an advertising company; the president of one of the largest mail order houses; the president of a suburban improvement company; the head of one of America's biggest packing companies; and a member of a leading law firm—truly an executive committee in the most representative sense. These men were selected by William H. Rankin, and with him they appointed a Campaign Committee to have direct supervision at campaign headquarters: William H. Rankin, chairman; Walter D. Moody, campaign director; Charles H. Wacker, chairman Citizens' Committee; William R. Moss, vice-chairman Citizens' Committee.

The Executive Committee, in conference with the officers of the Chicago Chapter of the Red Cross—Chairman Marquis Eaton, Vice-Chairman John W. Scott, Executive Secretary John W. Champion, and Treasurer Orson Smith—and with John J. O'Connor as director of the Central Division of the Red Cross, then appointed the Citizens' Committee of 378 men and women, Americans from the front ranks of the races which make up the city's cosmopolitan life. The Mayor of Chicago was named honorary chairman, and on the committee were such widely known citizens as Mrs. Grace Wilbur Trout, Mrs. Arthur T. Aldis, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ogden Armour, Leonard A. Busby, Anthony Cermak, Mrs. James T. Harahan, Mrs. Joseph M. Cudahy and Miss Mary T. Cudahy, Mrs. J. T. Bowen, Jacob M. Dickinson, Bishop Samuel Fallows, James B. Forgan, Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, Mrs. James L. Houghteling, Samuel Insull, Mrs. Harry Pratt Judson, James Keeley, Adolph Linick, Mrs. Frank O. Lowden, wife of the Governor of Illinois; Charles H. Markham, Cyrus Hall McCormick, Archbishop George W. Mundelein, Mr. and

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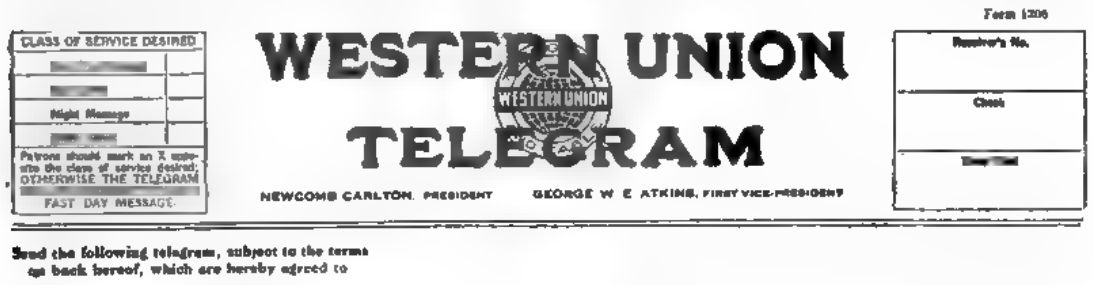
Mrs. James A. Patten, Robert Medill Patterson, Mrs. Julius Rosenwald, John C. Shaffer, Julius F. Smietanka, George E. Spoor, the Rev. Dr John Timothy Stone, Roger C. Sullivan, Mrs William Hale Thompson, wife of the Mayor of Chicago; Mrs. Harriet Taylor Treadwell, United States Minister Charles J. Vopicki; judges, surgeons, lawyers, merchants, capitalists, labor leaders, social workers, club and society women

H J. Hill, national director of membership extension and national organizer, came on from Washington to confer with Executive Secretary Champion, and together with Walter A. Frost of Washington, a member of the Extension Bureau, aided greatly in shaping up the campaign program.

At campaign headquarters in the Monroe Building, Michigan Boulevard and Monroe Street, a location readily accessible to all of the "Loop" district, a staff of trained newspapermen was assembled, under salary, to supply the press (including the many foreign-language papers) with all the hour-to-hour news of the "great Red Cross membership drive." The newspapers were quick to appreciate the popular value of campaign "stories" prepared in proper newspaper style, and gave their space generously.

The first field gun was fired at what will be known, perhaps, as the most remarkable dinner in the annals of the Middle West, a dinner given the night of May 2d at the Mid-Day Club and paid for by eight Chicagoans who stipulated that their names should be kept out of all published reports. No one checked up the number of races represented at the tables, but they were close to a score, and the persons were of a business, professional or social status which enabled them to pledge with authority Red Cross memberships in blocks running high in the thousands. There were no decorations. The dinner was simple, plain. It was not an occasion of celebration but of deep purpose, the purpose to band together swiftly and powerfully for the creation of a great unit in the world's greatest army of human succor, an army whose equipment should be bandages, not bullets; pity, not hate; resuscitation, not destruction.



Form 1206

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED

Night Message

Patrons should mark an X opposite the class of service desired; OTHERWISE THE TELEGRAM

FAST DAY MESSAGE

WESTERN UNION

WESTERN UNION

TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Number's No.

Check

Send the following telegram, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

Washington, D.C., 6:01 P.M., May 2nd, 1917.

Chairman, Citizens' Red Cross Committee, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago's proposal to enlist one hundred fifty thousand members in the American Red Cross is a splendid evidence of patriotism in the misfortune of war. Men who are willing to give their lives for the defense of their country deserve to find the people they protect prepared to care for the sick and wounded. A large, well organized and efficient Red Cross is essential for such a result. Therefore it is both a patriotic and humane service that is rendered by every citizen of this country who becomes a member of the American Red Cross. I am deeply gratified by the recognition this fact is receiving everywhere, and wish you and your associates every success in mobilizing Chicago's patriotic impulses for effective service to the Nation.

Woodrow Wilson.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Soon after the opening of the Chicago campaign President Wilson sent the above telegram of approval and encouragement

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Chairman Rankin struck a chord for the assembled company—members of the Citizens' Committee—when he told them that this occasion was the opening of a vast merchandizing campaign in which the thing to be sold was the world's best product: membership in the American Red Cross; a selling campaign where the medium of exchange was human sympathy more than dollars. Then, so fast that it was difficult for the checkers to tally them, one after another, men and women, arose at the tables and made their pledges, this one for 5,000 employees, that one for 3,000 club women, another for 10,000 or 100, for 75 or 7,500, and so on—secret societies and social and athletic clubs, churches, business houses, wholesalers and retailers and manufacturers, settlement workers, railroads and banks, fraternal and foreign societies, suffrage organizations, political and professional bodies, hotels and civic associations and commercial groups, every standard line of human endeavor common to a great city gave in its promise, in due time to be redeemed, some manyfold. Memberships thus pledged were for the greater part of the $1 and $2 and $10 classes, but the $25 and $100 memberships by no means were lacking. Each pledge announced drew a storm of applause from the tables. It was not so much the dollars as the ardent spirit of patriotism and human sympathy that made the hour historic. All personal differences, all political and religious and social disaffections, submerged before a common impulse; a common purpose ruled. The climax of the enthusiasm was reached when William R. Moss, as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce, announced that he was authorized to pledge 75,000 Red Cross memberships in behalf of that body. Before the dinner came to its close (within the space of an hour, to be exact) 166,000 new memberships were scheduled under formal promise as against the tentative goal of 150,000 which had been set by the campaign managers; and no one present was of a mind to speculate whether honors lay thickest upon the millionaire at his right or the labor leader at his left, the society matron or the settlement worker. It is significant in this hour of war-divided peoples that of these 166,000 memberships pledged 25,000 were bespoken for men and women of foreign birth or ancestry; Poles and Russians, Greeks and Bohemians, Germans and French, Scandinavians and British, Lithuanians and Jews, Bohemians and Serbians, Italians and Bulgarians, all the racial elements that go into the great Melting Pot of the West to make the ultimate American.

The news of this remarkable dinner reached the public through the next day's papers, and the public responded quickly. Full-page advertisements in which leading business houses urged membership in the Red Cross began to appear in morning and evening editions and had an immediate and widespread effect. These advertisements were the fruits of a heart-to-

It took him just as he went up over the trench parapet -- took him full in his bare and muscular throat. It was hardly bigger than one of those rubber erasers tinned to the end of lead pencils. But with the driving power of high-energy powder behind its steel-jacketed nose, it was an altogether competent and devilishly capable agent of destruction. He lay quite still, a few yards ahead of the trench, where his rush had carried him. The morning drew toward noon ### With night came the beginning of his torment. First it was thirst, then fever, then delirium. Always his spilling wound burned and throbbed. Even on the second night, with the rain beating down upon him, it glowed like a kiln. By the third day his agony spoke in screams ### A stretcher party found him and trundled him away, down through the line of Red Cross units, from dressing station to field base, eventually to Paris.### He was French, but he was fighting our fight. He was French, but a few months from now his counterpart may be American. There are bullets enough for all. He may be a Chicago boy, perhaps a neighbor's boy, even your own. Fighting our fight ### Will you help him, when his young body and vivid force are spent and shattered, to retrieve what he may? Join the American Red Cross. It is the wounded soldier's truest ally. It is his minister and guardian. It is his hope. Join the Chicago Chapter -- it has only 4,700 members; it should have 250-000. Take a dollar membership, a five or ten dollar one -- a hundred dollar one if you can. Do your part. If you cannot go, you can give. Those going are giving immeasurably more.

A RECRUITING ADVERTISEMENT

A large business firm of Chicago inserted this advertisement in the shape of the Geneva Cross as its contribution to the campaign

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heart luncheon talk at the Mid-Day Club. Twenty-five of the most prominent business men of the city attended this luncheon, "rounded up" there by advertising experts to be preached the gospel of paid-for display advertisements as a sure means of Red Cross membership success. At first they demurred, supposing the cost of the advertisements was to be paid out of Red Cross funds, but when it was explained that the business houses were to foot the bills they approved the plan—which later was adopted by New York and other Eastern cities. With one exception the three morning and four afternoon papers made a one-half rate for these page advertisements, and the agency which handled them refused to take any profit, deducting its fifteen per cent. commission from the advertisers' bills. At a meeting of members of the Western Advertising Agency, an association of advertising men, it was pointed out, as a good selling argument, how these advertisements would immensely benefit the advertisers by evidencing their patriotism and public spirit. Members of the Agency at once guaranteed to sell twenty-two of the thirty-five pages proposed—five to appear in each of the seven dailies—and sold them. So hearty was the spirit in which they were received by the business houses solicited that the sales were made without difficulty, some without solicitation at all. The thirty-five pages were published, and paid for. In mid-campaign the pastors of Chicago demanded a page reservation, "that the churches should show themselves marching shoulder to shoulder with business in this high and holy enterprise." All faiths participated in this advertisement.

Within twenty-four hours after the appearance of the first full-page placard, membership applications began pouring across the Red Cross treasurer's desk at the rate of from $3,000 to $6,000 a day, and early in the campaign it became apparent to those handling it that the public never would stop at the 150,000 goal set. Accordingly it was advanced to 250,000, later to 350,000, and eventually to 500,000. The latter huge total means roughly that one person in every five men, women and children in Chicago will have decorated the figure of Mercy with the button of the Order of the Red Cross.

And the Chicago campaign was even more a work of foundation digging than of structure-rearing. It brought the public and the American Red Cross closer face-to-face than years of formal solicitation possibly could have done. It set to throbbing a pulse that will beat long, and strong. The money that poured in and is pouring in with the new memberships is counted the lesser result; the bigger result is the bond alliance of hundreds of thousands of men and women, youths and children, with the world's chief humanitarian agency, and the heart uplift that goes along.

With the opening of campaign headquarters in the Monroe Building several of Chicago's largest business concerns lent some of their most valued men to be stationed there and give all their time to making "the great drive" a success. In three days the machinery was in thorough working order and grinding out the finished product—greater Red Cross membership. The headquarters rooms were among the most crowded in the "Loop." The application department, where members were signed and fees were paid, crowded the telephone department; the poster department, which supplied the hundreds of membership sub-stations throughout the city, crowded the press department; the stenographic department crowded the managing staff, and over all the heaving, high-efficiency scene swarmed the khaki-clad Boy Scouts, than whom there is no finer messenger force in the world when "Government business" is on hand.

Every approved agency for arousing popular enthusiasm was made use of by the generals and lieutenants and sergeants of the campaign to swell the greater membership roll day after day. The pulpit contributed Red Cross sermons, organized labor on the final formal day of the "drive" voted more than 100,000 memberships, society matrons and girls staged a stirring patriotic *tableau vivante* in a downtown theatre; the City Council unanimously adopted a resolution of endorsement, at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon of a mid-May day all public transportation in the city was stopped for sixty seconds, while special editions of the afternoon papers blazoned the first to-date totals of new memberships won; theatres gave Red Cross matinee performances of popular plays; 200,000 school children made neighborhood sorties; a motor car manned by girls in Red Cross uniforms threaded the business district at the noon hour, the "nurses" collecting memberships from the sidewalk crowds while "Uncle Sam," in customary top hat, historic breeches and immemorial chin-beard, sat in the tonneau and recorded the money on an adding machine; these were a few of the "publicity stunts" indulged in for the good of the cause. Washington headquarters had asked Chicago to "make a campaign of a sort to be used as standard throughout the country," and Chicago put itself in shirt sleeves and did the job.

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THE MUSTER-ROLL

(From an unsigned poem which appeared in FORWARD *(the monthly magazine of Miss Sandes' Soldiers' Home, England.)*

A battle had been fought,
And on the plain, unmindful of defeat
Or victory, the slain and wounded lay.
Grim Death was busy still, unsatisfied,
Gathering the remnants of that sad day's spoil.

As night drew on,
Two men of God were seen moving amid
Those scenes of death and dying agony.
As, nerved by heavenly strength and tender care
For souls, they sought to comfort dying saints
By whispering in their ears His promises,
From Whom nor life nor death can separate;
And to the Lamb of God, Whose precious blood
Can cleanse from every sin, to point the gaze
Of those whose day of life was almost past,
Their sins yet unforgiven.

And now they stand
Beside a manly form, outstretched, alone.
His helmet from his head had fallen. His hand
Still firmly grasped his keen but broken sword,
His face was white and cold; and, thinking he was gone,
They were just passing on, for time was precious,
When a faint sigh caught their attentive ears.
Life was still there; so bending softly down,
They whispered in his ears most earnestly,
Yet with that hush and gentleness with which
We ever speak to a departing soul:
"Brother, the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son,
Cleanseth from every sin!"

The pale lips moved,
And gently whispered, "Hush!" and then they closed,
And life again seemed gone.

But yet once more
They whispered those thrice-blessed words, in hope
To point the parting soul to Christ and heaven:
"Brother, the precious blood of Jesus Christ
Can cleanse from every sin!"

Again the pale lips moved;
All else was still and motionless, for Death
Already had his fatal work half done;
But gathering up his quickly-failing strength,
The dying soldier—dying victor—said,
"Hush! for the Saviour calls the muster-roll;
I wait to hear my name!"

They spoke no more.
What need to speak again? For now full well
They knew on Whom his dying hopes were fixed,
And what his prospects were; so, hushed and still,
They, kneeling, watched.

And presently a smile
As of most thrilling and intense delight
Played for a moment on the soldier's face,
And with his one last breath, he whispered,
"Here!"

Oh grand
And blessed death! Quite ready for the call,
He heard his Captain's voice. Life's battle fought—
Life's victory won—the soldier thus received
His welcome and his crown!

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THE CALL TO ARMS!

The Most Striking Posters of the Allied Nations Calling for Men, Money, and Munitions in the Death-grapple for Democracy

Copyright by Leslie-Judge Co.

Copyright by the American Lithographic Co

THE UNITED STATES ARMY

An effective poster which before the passage of conscription was one of the chief methods used to obtain an adequate army for the defense of the Nation

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THE FRENCH RED CROSS

France expects every one to do his bit in helping care for the wounded by buying the patriotic Red Cross stamps

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REMEMBER THE "LUSITANIA"!

While the Germans celebrated this base deed by striking off medals to commemorate the event, England used it with telling effect, for obtaining recruits, by appealing to the Nation's sense of justice

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GREAT BRITAIN

A poster which brings out forcibly the immediate need of men and munitions for the artillery at the front

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RUSSIA OF THE MONARCHY

The spirit of Autocracy rides "Forward for the Country" in an appeal for subscriptions to the war loan

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RUSSIA OF THE DEMOCRACY

"The more money the more munitions" is the soldier's appeal for subscriptions to the Russian war loan

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ITALY JOINS THE ALLIES

The spirits of the Fatherlands welcome Italy's entrance into the Great War upon the side of liberty and champions

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ITALY CARRIES ON

Followed by her faithful soldiers, Italy presses ever on to ultimate victory

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THE SPIRIT OF BELGIUM

The martyr priest, Cardinal Mercier, typifying the spirit of the nation, protects his martyred flock from the ravages of the invading Hun

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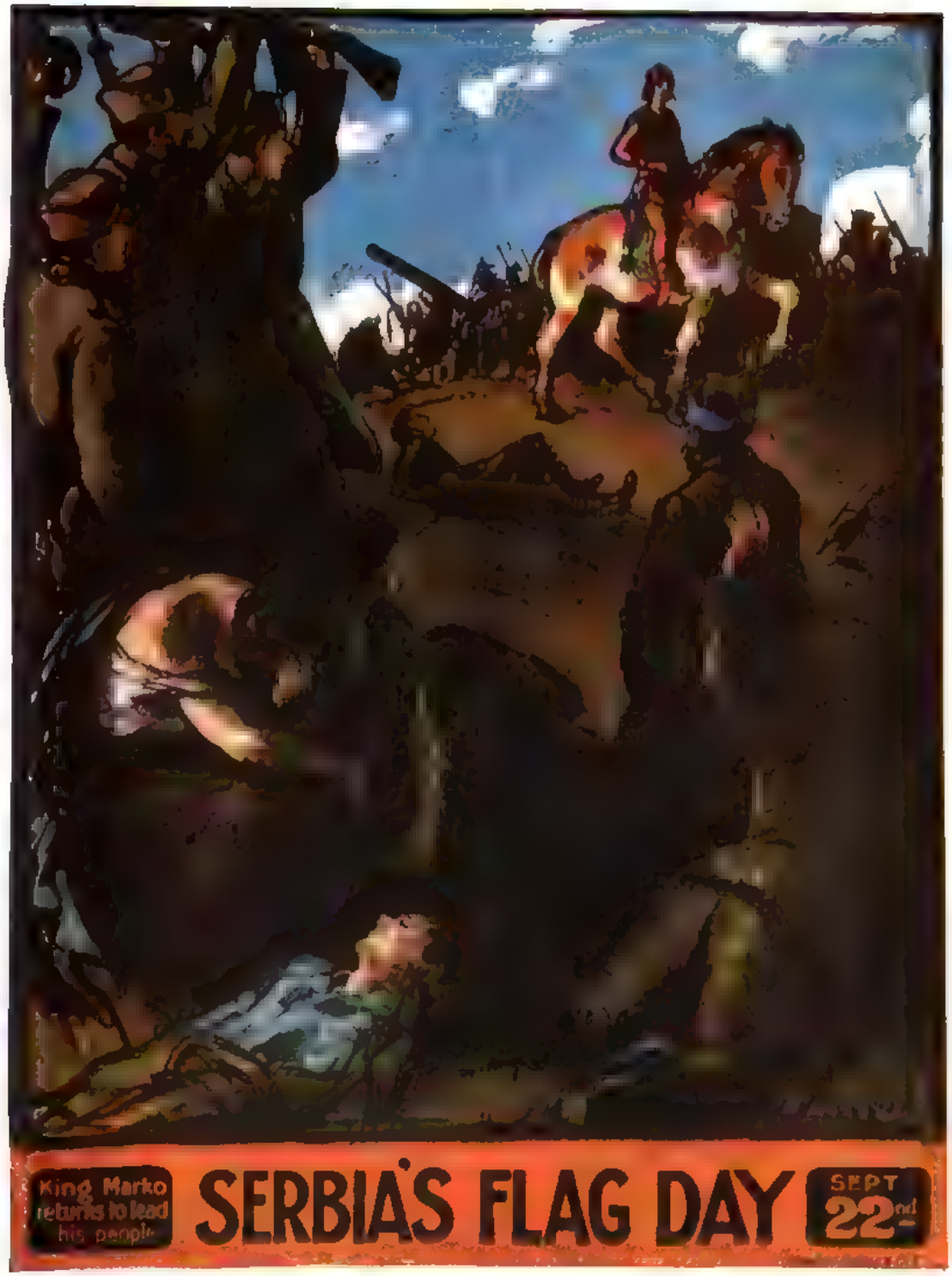

SERBIA'S HOUR OF REDEMPTION

King Marko, the personification of the Serbian race, and the chief figure in the Nation's folk-lore, returns to free his people from the dread oppressor

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HEROES OF ST. JULIEN AND FESTUBERT
Here's to the Soldier who bled
To the Sailor that bravely did fa':
Their fame is alive, though their spirits have fled
On the wings of the Year that's awa'
SHALL WE FOLLOW THEIR EXAMPLE?
APPLY AT RECRUITING STATION

THE SPIRIT OF THE DOMINION

The brave deeds and splendid spirit of Canada's sons on the battlefields of Europe will ever remain a bright spot in the annals of the Great War

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Copyright by International Film Service

ATLANTA'S GREAT CONFLAGRATION

The Relief Work Handled by the Local Red Cross -Sixteen Hundred Homes Destroyed and 10,000 People Made Homeless in the Greatest Conflagration Since Sherman Burnt the City on His March to the Sea

LATE in the forenoon of May 21, 1917, a fire that swept all before it broke out in the Negro section of Atlanta, Ga. Like an invading army it destroyed everything in its way, sweeping before it a vast army of homeless—most of whom had but little time to snatch up a few personal belongings before the invader was upon them. Not since the days of the Civil War, when General Sherman, through military necessity, applied the torch to the city on his march to the sea, has such a disaster befallen the city.

The fire was said to have started simultaneously in three separate parts of the city, lending color to the theory of incendiarism which was, however, denied by the local authorities. Two of the incipient blazes were soon under control; but the third, in the colored quarter of the city, was soon beyond the control of the fire department. The thousands of small wooden shacks that housed the colored population added impetus to the flames, and at three o'clock it had eaten its way into the residential section. At this point the fire department, with the aid of the militia and soldiers from a nearby training camp, resorted to the use of dynamite. This proved to be successful and after twelve hours the fire was under control. Sixteen hundred homes had fallen a victim to the flames and more than 10,000 people were homeless.

Immediately upon the outbreak of the fire, Director Guy E. Snavely, of the Southern Division, called upon Mr. Joseph Logan, the Chairman of the Civilian Relief Committee of the local Red Cross, and offered the services of the national body and financial aid. Mr. Ernest P. Bicknell, Director of Civilian Relief, also telegraphed the Mayor of Atlanta, proferring aid which, however, the Mayor declined, feeling that local organizations could cope with the situation. Mr. Snavely and Mr. Logan procurred the 5th Regiment Armory for sheltering the homeless and 200 cots were set up there. Committees were at once appointed to supply the refugees and the soldiers and firemen on duty with bread and coffee, while others set about obtaining buildings and cots. The pastors of the Negro churches threw open their doors to the homeless and others obtained shelter in Odd Fellows Hall. The Red Cross committee obtained the use of vans and trucks, and the furniture which had been saved was transported to a safe place.

Chairman Lee Ashcroft, of the Red Cross Finance Committee, called a meeting the next morning and the citizens were called upon to contribute their share toward the relief of the poor and needy. More than $50,000 was subscribed in the short space of an hour. The Finance Committee was authorized to spend this money for household necessities, such as soap, etc., and later for renting houses for those whose homes had been destroyed and for rehabilitation purposes. Governor Hugh Dorsey, of Georgia, Col. F. J. Paxon, and Judge Walter T. Colquitt, Chairman of the Atlanta Red Cross Chapter, rendered most valuable aid in guiding the relief work. Mrs. Dorsey was chairman of the committee on clothing for the needy. The financial loss entailed was upwards of $10,000,000.

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FOOD FOR THE FIRE GOD

The numerous wooden houses of the Negro population of Atlanta added impetus to the flames which soon grew beyond control and spread to the residential section of the city

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WITH THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE IN FRANCE

PART III

BY

GRENVILLE T. KEOGH

(In this article Mr. Keogh concludes his diary of the life of a member of the American Ambulance in France.)

Friday, August 11th

EN EXÉCUTION des prescriptions réglementaires le Directeur du Service de Santé du 6me Corps d'Armée, cite à l'Ordre du Service de Santé du 6me Corps d' Armée: La Section Sanitaire Automobile Américaine No. 8 pour le motif suivant;

Sous la direction du Lieutenant Paroissien-Robert Charles, et du Commandant Adjoint Américain Mason Austin Blake, la Section Sanitaire Américaine No. 8, composée entièrement de volontaires a assuré remarquablement le service quotidien des évacuations en allant chercher le plus loin possible les blessés, malgré un bombardement parfois violent. S'est particulièrement distinguée la 23 Juin, en traversant la nappe de gaz toxiques, sous un feu intense sans aucun répit pendant plusieurs heures pour emmener au plus vite aux Ambulances les intoxiqués.

M. Mason Austin Blake
Commandant Adjoint
de la Section Sanitaire
Automobile Américaine

} A. G. le 4 Août 1916
P. O. le Directeur du Service de Santé

This is the citation for the Croix de Guerre, which arrived this morning. It is a section citation. Our section has only been out for a little more than two months and is the only one in the American Ambulance which has received one Army Croix de Guerre. All the other sections have only received division citations; that is, all the others which have been cited at all. We, of course, are all very much pleased about it, and have all given five francs toward a dinner to be given Sunday night. Mason will be decorated then, and he certainly deserves it. He told us at supper to-night that he has high hopes of all the individual citations coming through shortly. If this happens the section will have done something really worth while. We received two telegrams to-day complimenting us, one from the Médecin Divisioner and one from Captain Andrew.

Saturday, August 12th

We started evacuating this morning at 4 o'clock. All day long we had fourteen cars on the road. Most of the wounded we carried from here back to Dugny, our old poste, and to Launndrecourt. We kept this work up steadily until 5:30 P. M. with only half an hour off for lunch. During this time I drove over 300 kilometers, which is about 250 miles.

After supper at 8 o'clock four cars left here for the poste. Armour, Dodge, Forbush, and I went. Our poste is about ten miles from here, so is therefore about a half hour's run. When we arrived there, there were about five blessés waiting, so I turned right around and carried them back to our quarters, Belle Helène. When I was leaving there for the poste again Mason stopped me and asked me if I wanted to bring an officer up to Les Eparges itself and go from there to the poste. I jumped at such a chance and we started off. When we arrived at the outskirts of the town the officer told me to stop and let him out there. He said it was dangerous to go any farther in the car. I asked him if he minded my going along with him, and he answered that if I wanted to take the chance to come along. I therefore left the car and we started off together. The Germans hold one half of the town and the only warfare carried on is with grenades and pistols. I had never seen anything like this before. I am willing to admit that I was very scared, while crawling along the side of a building, in the pitch dark, to the little dugout to which the officer was going. Grenades landed several times in the street, very close to us, and it surely gave me a creepy sensation when I thought that it had just been thrown by some German not more than twenty yards away. We finally reached the dugout, and the officer finished up his business in about five minutes. We then started back for our car. When we were creeping along, there was a sudden terrific explosion and an enormous hole appeared in the centre of the road, about forty yards behind us, where the Germans had just exploded a mine. We finally arrived at our car and got back to our regular poste de secours without any more excitement.

Sunday, August 13th

This was a "big day" for our section. To-night the Médecin Divisioner (a colonel), a lieutenant from our poste de secours, Walker (Chef of Section 2), and his lieutenant, all came over to our "Croix de Guerre Dinner." We had our dining room out in a big field. We backed all the cars in, around the table. The dinner itself was a big success. After dinner the old Médecin Divisioner stood up and made a very nice little speech. He surprised us all by decorating MacMonagle with the Croix de Guerre. His citation went in about two weeks ago, but we had no idea that he was to be decorated to-night.

In his speech the Colonel thanked us all for coming over here. He complimented us on the way we went through our big rush at Verdun. He said that it was a wonderful piece of work, and one to be remembered with pride throughout our lifetime.

He finished by pinning Mac's Croix de Guerre on, and said, "Again I thank, from the bottom of my heart, all the brave young Americans who have come so far away from their own

PREPARED FOR A GAS ATTACK

"We were obliged to drive for five miles with our masks on One of the brancardiers was overcome. Luckily, I had room for him in behind but, although I drove as fast as the poor light would allow, he died before we reached the hospital, in terrible agony, gasping for breath"

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country, family, and friends, and risked their lives, in order to help a country with which most of them have no connections and which is at present carrying on a great war for freedom. I wish to compliment them on their devotion to the work which they are doing. Nothing, not even the heaviest shell fire, ever stops them from their work of carrying our poor wounded. I only wish that it was in my power to decorate all of you, because I know, from what I saw you do at Cabaret and Fort Tavannes, that there is no section more deserving of praise than Section 8 of the American Ambulance. I also decorate the section as a whole and compliment its leader, Mr. Austin Mason, for its untiring and unceasing work."

Mr. Mason then stood up and made a speech. He thanked the Colonel for coming to have dinner with us, and also for all the things which he had said about us. He said that all of us, to a man, appreciated the fact that the French people were pleased with our work, and said that we would go on doing our best as long as we stayed here.

After dinner the Colonel left, and we all sat around and talked and sang until about 11 o'clock.

Monday, August 14th

At 1 o'clock this morning a call came in for one car to run up to the poste to get two men, who had just been very seriously wounded. I was sent out and arrived at the poste at about 1:40. I picked up the men and returned to Belle Helène. Directly after supper I was sent to the poste again. On one of my trips, when I was passing through an exceptionally dark piece of woods, there was a terrible flash and explosion in the road directly in front of my car. I slammed on all my brakes and came to a stop about four yards away from the edge of a hole, which was about seven feet wide and about six feet deep. I knew very well that it wasn't a shell that had exploded, because in the first place it was an entirely different noise, and in the second place I had heard no whistle or departure, and as the place was quite quiet at the time I surely would have heard one of them. I stayed there for a minute, not knowing just what to do, when a soldier came running out of the woods and told me to get along as quickly as possible; that it was a mine which the Germans had exploded. This fact just shows how close we run to the Boches, on our way up to the poste de secours. At this particular point their lines were only twenty five yards away, and they had dug out a mine under the road. When I was told this I lost no time in getting around the hole and on my way. I arrived at the poste, picked up my wounded and returned without any mishap. On the way down, the hole had been all filled up. However, I will never feel quite safe passing this again. The Germans, it is true, are behind a small rise in the ground and are

AN OBSERVATION POST

"It was fine to see the men really in action in the first lines with the Germans not more than fifteen yards away. Several times the Germans made attacks with grenades, and we would all duck into the openings in the side of the trench"

WASHING THE CAR

It is remarkable the amount of hard usage that the majority of the cars can stand

unable to see the road. Nevertheless, they know it is there, and can bombard it with hand grenades or blow it up with mines, any time that they feel like it. Even if I were sure that they were not going to touch the road, I would feel unsafe simply in knowing that they are so close. This has been our closest shave in our new poste, and I can assure you that it was quite close enough.

Tuesday, August 15th

This morning Section 2 of the American Ambulance, which is doing evacuation work at Petit Monthairons, about five miles from here, brought over a baseball team. As there wasn't much work for us, nine of us went down and played them. We beat them 7 to 4.

In the afternoon I had to take a lieutenant to Benoist-Vaux, a little town about six miles from here, and close to the lines. All the roads leading up to it were heavily screened because they were in plain sight of the Germans. They were also being shelled when we were coming back over them. Many shells landed very close to my car, but none close enough to do any damage. One time the lieutenant and I counted twenty-five puffs of smoke, caused by breaking shells, in a radius of half a mile. I arrived back at Belle Helene at about 5 o'clock and was immediately sent up with Armour to the poste at Les Eparges to get four men who had been very seriously wounded.

We went up and nothing extraordinary happened. However, after we had been at the poste for several minutes waiting for our men to be prepared to leave, the Germans loosed a cloud of poison gas. We put on our masks, got our car loaded and started back, but owing to the way our breath smoked up our goggles we couldn't drive. We therefore stopped on the road and waited for the gas to pass. When it was entirely gone we went on. Between the point where we stopped and Belle Helène we picked up four gas victims, who had forgotten to bring along their masks. We also saw three lying dead beside the road, but didn't stop, because there was nothing that we could do.

Saturday, August 19th

At 7 A. M. I was pulled out of bed, after only three hours' sleep, and made a call to Les Petits Monthairons with four blessés. After sleeping all day, at 8 P. M. I left for the poste.

When I got up to the poste there was a lieutenant there who offered to bring me all around through the first line trenches at Les Eparges. It was a chance not to be missed, and as I didn't have to come down with blessés until 2 A. M. I accepted. We started off and walked down to Les Eparges with the hand carts on which the blessés are brought from the trenches. When we got to within about twenty yards of the trenches the Germans suddenly turned a large searchlight full in our faces. We all rushed for the nearest trench and just as we tumbled in the rifle balls began whistling all around.

It was fine to see the men really in action in the first lines, with the Germans not more than

LES EPARGES

The General of the Division made a long speech congratulating us. He said that the poste at Les Eparges was on no occasion overcrowded with wounded. This, in itself, meant a great deal because more than fifty were carried in every hour"

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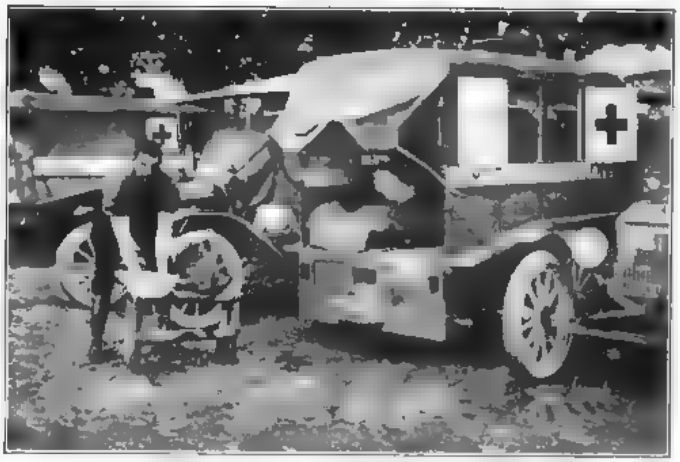
fifteen yards away. As we would walk along the trench we would suddenly come to a little group of men, all talking in whispers, waiting for the word to throw the grenades, which they held in their hands. Then would come the whispered order, and all the men would throw them together. As soon as they threw them they all fell flat on the bottom of the trench, to protect themselves from the flying pieces. We would do the same thing. A little farther on we would run into four or five men manning a small trench gun, worked by compressed air, by which they threw the torpedoes. Several times the Germans made attacks with grenades, and we would all duck into the openings in the sides of the trench. We stayed in the trenches for nearly two hours and got six wounded. Out of these six I myself saw three wounded, not more than ten yards along the trench from where I was standing. We pushed these wounded back on the little carts, through the long communication trenches, and loaded them into our cars about three hundred yards behind the city of Les Eparges.



MORNING ABLUTIONS

While *en repos*. During one attack the author had but eight hours' sleep in five days

Sunday, August 27th

This morning at 1:30 a messenger came up to the loft in which we sleep, and said that one car was needed immediately at Les Eparges to get a captain who had just been seriously wounded. I took the call, and Armour came along with me, because Mason said that I couldn't go alone and made me call some one else. We arrived at the poste at Les Eparges after a very quiet run. The wounded captain was having his wounds dressed, and we were told that it would be an hour at least before we would be able to leave. It happened that four soldiers who had just returned from permission were going down to the lines to rejoin their regiment. They asked us if we wanted to go along, and as we didn't just want to sit around we decided to go with them. When we left the poste the air was full of gas, and we had to wear our gas masks. Up in the trenches things were very lively. Hand grenades and torpedoes were smashing around, entirely too close for comfort. We had to keep ducking into the little openings in the side of the trenches to escape flying pieces.

When we arrived at the poste again the captain was ready and we came back to our quarters at Belle Helène. During the rest of the day I made only four short calls to Les Petits Monthairons.

CABARET

Where the section received the Croix de Guerre. In presenting the medal the Médecin Divisioner said, "I wish to compliment them (the members of the section) on their devotion to their work. Nothing, not even the heaviest shell fire, ever stops them"

My experience in the first line trenches this morning was one of the most interesting I have yet had. We certainly are able to see real warfare up at this poste. We are able to stand right beside the soldiers who are actually fighting, and not more than twenty yards away from the enemy's guns.

Tuesday, August 29th

This morning I was called out at three to bring a lieutenant of the Medical Corps up to the various batteries in this vicinity. One of these trips is always most interesting, because it is just a tour of inspection and you get a chance of seeing a great deal more than

you do when you go to get wounded. We went to all the heavy artillery batteries situated on the hills behind Les Eparges. They were all firing unceasingly when we were there, because it is always just at dawn that the attacking is done, and an infantry attack is necessarily preceded by heavy bombarding from the heavy guns behind the lines. While we were at some of them, the heavy guns of the enemy answered the bombardment and we got quite heavily shelled. At many places, instead of inspecting the batteries, the lieutenant spent his whole time down in the dugouts, keeping out of the way.

We arrived back at Belle Helène after a trip which lasted for five hours. Mason was beginning to get worried about us, and was just going to start out in the staff car to look for us.

At about 11 o'clock this morning I answered a regular call to our poste de secours. These calls don't often come in during the day, but a huge mine had exploded right beside the poste and wounded about forty men and killed fifteen. If it had gone off during the night it would have wounded some of our fellows, because there are always two or more cars there, whether there are blessés or not.

This afternoon there was nothing for me to do, so I took my car and went over to Section 2's quarters and had a swim.

A MINE EXPLOSION

"On one of my trips, when I was passing through an exceptionally dark piece of woods, there was a terrible flash and explosion directly in front of my car. It was a mine which the Germans had exploded"

Wednesday, the 30th

At 4 o'clock this morning I left Belle Helène for our most advanced poste de secours at Les Eparges. This was a very late start and I had to go as fast as I could in order to get there before daylight. I arrived at the poste just as the day was breaking. Things were very quiet at the time and I got the car loaded without any difficulty. The run back was uneventful until I reached a certain place in the road where there are four roads crossing. This corner is frequently bombarded by the enemy. Just before I reached it shells began flying over my car and landing right on the cross roads. The Germans very likely saw the dust from my car, and thinking that it was ammunition or food convoys, had started shelling. I immediately saw that it was useless to try to get by without being hit, so I went back and drove across a big open field. In this way I cut off the corner. However, owing to the large holes in the field, I had to go a great deal closer to the corner than I expected. One shell came so close that it threw sand and stones all over my car. Pieces showered all over me and I very nearly broke all my springs in getting out of the way. I drove across the field as fast as I dared, with all the wounded simply howling in behind. However, there are times when the only thing to do is to go fast, no matter how bad your blessés are. When I got well away from the corner I stopped and did what I could, alone, to make them as comfortable as possible. Even if you do hurt the blessés they always know that it is the only thing to do and are therefore never angry about it. On the other hand, they are always full of thanks and praise for our work.

I got back with my load at about 8:30 A.M., and after breakfast went right up to our regular poste (Trois Jures), where there was a carload of wounded. I brought them down and then slept until lunch time. After lunch I made a trip to Benoist-Vaux. One car goes there every day to get vegetables and other supplies.

The summer seems to have gone for good. It is frightfully cold at night, and as we have no stove or fire of any kind in our barn we nearly freeze to death. However, a car went to Bar-le-Duc to-day (to bring MacMonagle in from leave) and we are expecting a big wood stove by to-night.

Saturday, September 2nd

This morning I was called at 1:30 to answer a call to our poste de secours at Les Eparges. The run was exceptionally quiet, and if it weren't for the gas which filled the air, would have been very uneventful. We were obliged

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to drive for nearly five miles with our masks on. Even after having taken this precaution, one of the brancardiers, who was riding with me, was overcome. Luckily I had room for him in behind, but although I put him in and drove as fast as the poor light would allow, he died before we reached the hospital, in terrible agony, gasping for breath. All the soldiers frankly tell you that it is the gas which is feared by the men in the trenches, even more than the shells.

This evening at 7:30 I left here to go on night duty at the poste at Trois Jures. This means that I must stay up there until 5 to-morrow morning and carry the wounded whenever we get word that there are any. I am writing now in a damp little dugout at our poste de secours. The gas outside is quite heavy, although it is not bad enough to warrant our wearing masks, if we stay in our dugout. However, the gas bell up on the lines has been ringing at regular intervals for several hours past, so we expect that before long we will again be using masks.

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THE SIGNAL FOR A GAS ATTACK

An empty shell case serves as a gong to warn of a gas attack by the enemy. "All the soldiers frankly tell you that it is the gas which is feared by the men in the trenches, even more than the shells"

At 11:30 I made my first trip to the hospital at Belle Helène. The gas was heavy all around and I had to wear a mask. This made it practically impossible to see the road at all, and every hundred yards or so I had to stop to get my bearings. To make things worse, the Germans kept dropping shells, some of them gas bombs, all along the road. This was very unpleasant because we simply had to crawl along, expecting to be hit at any moment. However, I got down and back without any trouble, and arrived at the poste to wait for another load at about 1:15.

September 3rd to September 8th

On the night of September 8th the French started a big offensive which lasted until late last night. During these five days I have had in all eight hours' sleep. Our cars have been running steadily back and forth to the various postes de secours. We carried at least five hundred wounded every night, and had to evacuate the same number of wounded every day.

This grand offensive extended over the entire Eparges front, which is about eight miles long. The roads have been simply jammed with long, heavy convoys of ammunition and food wagons. The offensive was very important, inasmuch as the French wanted to drive the Germans out of the portion of the city of Les Eparges which they occupied. This they succeeded in doing, but only at the expense of hundreds and hundreds of men. There were three extra divisions moved up here, just for the attack, and in each regiment there were twelve thousand men, and picked men at that. That is, they were picked men for attacking. One regiment was of the Foreign Legion, one of Senegals, Negroes, and one of Zouaves, or Colonials. Anybody that has read of, or that knows anything at all about these things, will be fully able to realize what three divisions such as these can do. From the very start the French had the whip hand. This was shown by the hundreds and hundreds of German prisoners taken every day.

The work was very hard, as well as very dangerous. Roads which never before had been shelled were subject to the most terrible bombardment. The reason for this was that the Germans knew very well that all the roads were sure to be filled with troops and convoys, so they moved over a great deal of their heavy artillery from Verdun and simply showered the roads with high explosive shells. This, in one way, is what the French wanted, because when they saw the artillery being moved they immediately started another attack in the Verdun sector and retook all of Fleury. Of course all this shelling made our work just so much more difficult. Many of our cars were hit, and one of our men got a piece of shell casing in his leg. However, it didn't amount to anything. Instead of getting some of our wounded at the more protected postes as we had been doing, we had to get them

all right up at the advanced poste which was only thirty yards away from all this terrible hand-to-hand fighting. You see, they couldn't waste any time in bringing the wounded back, so we simply had to go and get them. Up at the poste we could plainly hear the shouting and yelling of the men fighting. Of course it was not always continuous. There were times, nearly four hours at a time, when things were as quiet as the grave. It was during these lapses that the wounded were carried back by hand. None of the wounds had been dressed at all, and were in a horrid condition. After about two days the walls and sides and even roofs of our ambulances were covered with blood. We didn't have any time to clean them. It was about the worst four days, besides the ones which we put in at Tavannes, that I have ever spent. We didn't have any regular time for eating. There was hot coffee always ready at our poste and when we had a chance we would grab a cup and be off again.

SOUVENIRS

Two members of the section amuse themselves during a period of rest

Besides this, in the office there were always little bundles, containing a cake of chocolate and some sandwiches, which we would take with us and eat on the way up to the poste.

This afternoon the general of the division here came around to our camp and made a long speech congratulating us on our work. He said that it was a piece of work which we might pride ourselves on as few others could do it as well. He also said that the poste at Les Eparges was on no occasion over-crowded with wounded. This in itself meant a great deal, because more than fifty were carried in every hour. He finished up by thanking us, not only for himself but also for the men in his division. We are all nearly crazy from loss of sleep and the roads are in terrible condition from shelling.

Thursday, September 14th to Sunday, September 17th

These past four days have been very quiet in comparison with the past two weeks and a

GOING UP TO THE TRENCHES

"There were three extra divisions moved up for the attack. They were picked men. One regiment was of the Foreign Legion, one of Senegals, Negroes, and one of Zouaves, or Colonials"

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half. There has been little or no attacking done by either side, although there have been quite a number of wounded. This was due to the fact that a great number of mines were exploded by the Germans.

On Friday a rumor started around our quarters that we were to move within the next two or three days. We didn't pay much attention to this, and were therefore very much surprised on Saturday when an order came in for us to pack up all our things and be ready to move at 4 o'clock on Sunday morning (this morning).

Therefore at 5 A. M. our whole section started off for a little town just outside of Ligny for a short rest. The entire division moved with us. After this rest the division (the 18th) will very likely either go up to the Somme or down to the Vosges Mountains, and unless we change divisions it naturally means that we will go along with them. Everybody thinks that there is only one chance in a hundred of this outfit returning to Verdun, because as they have been in the Verdun district since February without a single real rest they surely will now be let off. It is a regiment composed entirely of old classes, and is therefore used more for holding trenches than for taking them. For this reason the majority of opinions seem to point to the Vosges.

Our section is fixed up very well here. We are quartered in the classroom of the village school, and are looking forward to four or five days, at least, with nothing at all to do except take care of the few men who are taken ill during this repose. This usually amounts to one call a day, so we will have plenty of time to make up for the sleep we lost during the past three weeks.

WITH THE FRENCH FLEET OF MERCY

BY

ROSALIE SLAUGHTER MORTON

[*Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton, of New York, an attending surgeon at the Vanderbilt Clinic, spent last summer in the service of the Allies, and was granted special permission by General Sarrail to make the journey to and from Saloniki on French hospital boats, where every opportunity was afforded her to see their equipment in detail, and also the work of doctors, nurses, and administration officers. Later for her work in Macedonia and Saloniki she was decorated with the Serbian order of St. Sava.*—THE EDITORS.]

EIGHT hospital ships, flying the French flag, carry the sick and the wounded from Saloniki to Bizerta, in Tunis, and to Toulon, France. They are the *Blen Hoa*, *Dugay Trouin*, *Vingh-Long*, *Sphinx*, *Andre-Lebon*, *Bretagne II.*, *Tchad*, and *France IV*.

The first three were merchant vessels of the Messagerie Maritime which ran between French Indo-China and Marseilles. They transported the native troops from Tonkin, Anam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China, who, together with the men from Algiers, Tunis, and Senegal, compose a part of the French Army.

On the *Bretagne II.* I made the journey from Toulon to Saloniki. The former dining room of the steamship was filled with beds to which the patients were carried by stretcher-bearers. A large canvas hammock, with high sides to box in the patient, is used to swing, by a crane, the sick down comfortably to their berths on the lower decks. The staterooms had not been altered. The ship carried six hundred patients. In the pharmacy, all the bottles and apparatus were arranged to stay in place in heavy weather. There are two well-stocked storerooms below the pharmacy; for everything which can possibly be needed must be at hand —the supply alone cost approximately $100,000. The X-ray equipment was installed in two connecting cabins, and had the most approved types of tables, shields, and general detail. The delicate and valuable glass tubes and bulbs were in cases made especially for use at sea. The cabin opposite the X-ray room had been converted into an operating room. The walls, ceiling, table and instrument cabinets were white enameled and the floor tiled.

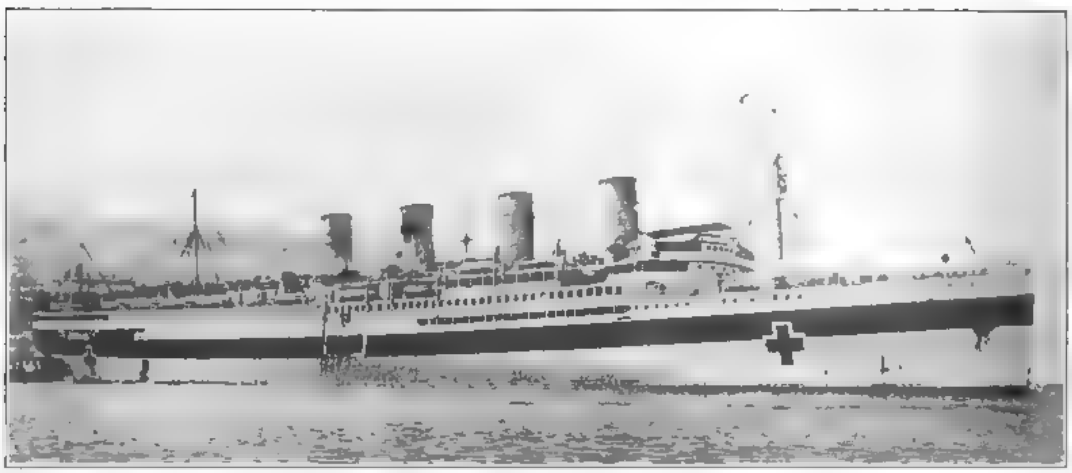
The head nurse, Mlle. Ducrat de Langes, and her assistant, Mlle. de Larinty Tholozan, had charge of the necessarily large quantities of surgical dressings, hospital supplies, clothing

and linen, and the store of nursing necessities. They also had charge of the sweets, handkerchiefs, postcards, cigarettes and, on Sundays at sea, these were given judiciously to some of the sailors, who are also mobilized and on war service. The cordial spirit of the ship's family is cultivated on the way out, for on the return trip everybody is too busy to speak an unnecessary word.

On every French hospital boat there is a Catholic and a Protestant priest. The Abbé Constant and Pasteur Walter were on the *Bretagne II*. Both were imbued with a fine spirit of service, a spirit typified by the silver enameled cross on crossed anchors, surmounted by a star, which each wore as the emblem of his office. High mass on Sunday morning is held in the aisle between the beds in the former dining room. A sailor acolyte assists. The Sunday I spent on the Mediterranean, chairs were placed for the nurses and for me. All the rest stood or knelt throughout the service. The robe of the priest, the altar cover, the cross, the chalice, the books, the four cards on which prayers are printed, the vases of flowers, the candles and candlesticks —in fact, everything necessary to celebrate mass—fits into a box which measures about 18 x 12 x 12 inches, and which itself is used to form part of the altar, the whole designed to be carried by all priests at the front for use in the trenches, in the fields, by the bedside, in churches, and on ships. Every thing is fastened so that no gust of wind in the trenches, or swing of the ship, can move it. The men's deep voices in prayers and responses, the rich, choral singing unaccompanied by any instrument, and the reverence, were very impressive both here and at the Protestant service, which was held in the afternoon in a space cut off from the rest of the deck by the flags of the Allies.

Our trip through the Mediterranean was uneventful. The lifeboats were swung and every cabin had posted in it the number of the boat the occupant was to go to, or to be taken to, in case of accident. No fire drill was held. The passengers were not many, as they are only permitted to be people connected with hospital work. With us were a pharmacist soldier, direct from duty in the French trenches, who had carried under fire many wounded men to safety, several doctors and administration officers going to Saloniki to go on duty. We carried out hospital supplies only. Every day our wireless picked up French, English, and German messages which kept us in touch with war events.

The land near our route was passed at night, until we reached Greece. There we went close to the barren hills, and as we approached Cape Malea, the boat slowed down, and I saw on the cliffs a tiny domed building, with a steep path running down from it to the sea; and some shallow terraces where patient toil had placed a little earth for a garden. On the steep face of the cape a cloister and a little church could be defined through a marine glass. The ship's commandant told me that "Hermits have lived there for twenty-five years. The first one was a venerable man with long gray beard; the present monk is very dark. We do not go much nearer because we do not wish to intrude, but we always salute as we pass." I looked down and on the lower deck saw the sailors all congregated on that side of the boat and very animated. "There he is," exclaimed one. "I do not see him," said another. "Will



THE "FRANCE IV"

The *La France* of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, formerly plying between France and the United States, but now a hospital ship in the Mediterranean Sea

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he salute?" asked a third. At that moment the sailors cried out, "Ah! he waved to us." Poor chaps, their own isolation seemed as nothing compared with this man's. The commandant reverently said, "His benediction is on us who pass."

The next day the double line of nets which protect the wide harbor of Saloniki opened for us and with aeroplanes and dirigible balloons flying over us, seven English and two French hospital ships near us, we found ourselves anchored off the coast of Macedonia.

Last October I made the return journey on board the hospital ship *France IV*.

THE OPERATING ROOM

In the journey from Saloniki to Toulon, three major and 700 minor operations were performed here. Four surgical tables with a doctor and a nurse in attendance were occupied from eight to six o'clock daily

In the early morning the ambulances followed each other in quiet procession to the French quai in Saloniki, and the stretcher bearers quickly unloaded the sick and carried them on board the small, in former days, excursion boat, *Ariane*, waiting to take them to the *France IV*.

The patients able to walk hobble on board with the aid of canes, or the supporting arms of sailors, and find places on the crowded decks; the sick who were unable to sit up were kept on the same stretchers, and an equal number given from the boat to the ambulances to avoid shifting the patients.

Three hours we lay by the quai; line after line of ambulances came from the hospitals, discharging patients; a sad procession filed on board. We watched the care with which the sailors placed each stretcher in its place, appointed with reference to the unloading.

The *France IV*., since the sinking of the *Britannic*, is the largest hospital boat in the world, with a tonnage of 21,500 tons. In time of peace she was a liner of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, carrying mail and passengers between Havre and New York. For two and a half days she lay in the Saloniki harbor taking aboard her precious cargo. Two thousand three hundred sick and wounded were already on board and we were taking the last two hundred and twenty-six with us. Some men really too feeble to be moved were being sent; because they begged so earnestly to go to France, it was thought the tonic of knowing that they had started would benefit them.

Knapsacks and soldiers' baggage were piled about the little walking space left on the deck, and the trip out to the waiting boat was quickly made, past battle cruisers, troop transports, torpedo boats, torpedo boat destroyers, freighters, tugs, Italian and Greek steamers, barges and sail boats.

On board the *France IV*. the chief physician and his assistants stood in line at the head of the gangway and directed the stretcher bearers where to carry every patient. Each wore a tag on which was written his name, military grade, and address, as well as the name of the hospital from which he came, and the nature of his illness, which was also indicated by the color of the card.

All the surgical cases were taken to the salon deck where the former "Salle de Fête" holds sixty-two beds. The Louis XIV. salon holds fifty-two, while forty are in the corridors which connect these one-time gilded halls, all now covered with white canvas from floor to ceiling, the lower five feet being waterproofed with white enamel finish. The "Terrace," opening toward the stern, is now the operating room and the adjoining smoking room contains thirty beds, where the most seriously wounded are placed to be near for dressing.

In the four days of our journey, and the three days in Saloniki Harbor, seven hundred surgical dressings and minor operations were performed in this room as well as three major operations. Four surgical tables, with a doctor and nurse in attendance at each, were occupied from eight o'clock till noon, and from two to six daily.

The courage, characteristic of men at the front, prevailed; a soldier, with a bad shoulder wound and another which reached from wrist to elbow, sat down as calmly as if to read a paper. The deeper muscles, blood vessels, and nerves were all exposed; the dressing caused him such pain that great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, and a muscular tremor,

past his control, shook him from head to foot. He made no sound, until the doctor seeing he was losing consciousness said, "Lay him down." The soldier murmured, "I am all right." However, he was lifted to the table, but ten minutes later he walked to his bed!

The men looking on from the door showed more emotion than the men being dressed. Nobody asked, "Will it hurt?" Nobody said, "Go easy, Doctor," or anything like that. A few cried out, "Enough, enough," when thigh stumps were being dressed.

There were fractures of the bones of heads, arms, ribs, collar bones, hips, and punctured wounds of every part of the body, but those with leg wounds suffered most.

The room that used to be a bar is now used for massage and the "Salon Mauresque" is the X-ray room. Boats were swung along the outer deck.

The top of the steamer was covered with safety and navigation apparatus of all sorts: in a corner, lay a long neglected, rusted game of ship nine-pins; for there are no ship's games for convalescents, because the demand for beds in Saloniki is too great for men to remain there until they attain that stage, and consideration for the very ill would prevent the playing of noisy games in any event.

The promenade deck, now enclosed and well ventilated through many large windows, makes on each side a long ward containing 268 beds.

Fore and aft men are laid on mattresses placed on the floor of the open deck; each has three blankets; they keep on their uniforms, and enjoy the air. During the day many of the wounded sit up to read or work at handicrafts, the tools for which they carry in their knapsacks. Pieces of fallen aeroplanes and fragments of shells are their chief materials.

Another deck is occupied by the personnel of the boat—officers, doctors, the nurses on duty and those going home on leave, the offices of administration, the doctor's office and the tiny chapel adjoining the priest's cabin.

The lower decks, where emigrants used to travel, are filled with the sick, a total of 2,526. The soldiers able to walk are put below, as it would be easier to get out in case of accident.

THE PROMENADE DECK

"During the day many of the wounded sit up to read or work at handicrafts. Pieces of fallen aeroplanes and fragments of shells are their chief materials"

On our journey, nobody grumbled, everybody was grateful for all that was done for them. They were on the way to France, that was enough.

The first day I made the rounds the patients looked very tired; the next day there was a marked improvement. It was cheering to see how much one day at sea had rested them. It was good to be away from the dust—the hot days and cold nights of October in Saloniki, to be lulled by the sea, and the gentle lapping of the waves.

The voyage was calm, our ship steady, the vibration of machinery was not felt, and the shores of Greece, Italy, Messina, and Corsica slipped quickly by.

The French organization is such that they

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conduct their hospitals on land and sea with less than half the force the British maintain, and we have much to learn from them. Although in some respects easily adaptable, it took many months to transform *La France* into the hospital ship *France IV*. Her first voyage of mercy was made July 14, 1916. In her four voyages between July 14th and October 8, 1916, she carried 10,064 sick and wounded, an average of 2,515 each trip, at an expense of $140,000 a trip, exclusive of pharmaceutic expenses and doctors' salaries, all of whom, being officers, are paid by the War Department.

The *France IV*. consumes 400 tons of coal

The second day I paid a visit to the forty-seven officers and 200 soldiers under the care of the commandant. He examined and prescribed for each with equal precision, showing as much interest in the last as in the first, although tired lines showed under his eyes during the last hour, and I marveled at his patience and endurance.

Each chief of a division is attended by six persons: 1—A woman nurse, who enters in her record book the cases needing hypodermics and what is to be given. This method is used for the administration of many drugs, to save the stomach and for the ease

THE MAIN SALON

The rows of white beds with their burdens of suffering are a strange contrast to the gayly bedecked throngs of former, more peaceful days

a day. This was bought in the summer at Algiers at twenty dollars a ton, and is now double that rate. She has a chief physician, with a grade of Colonel, who supervises all the hospital work of the ship; a medical chief, with a grade of commandant; four surgeons, with the grade of captain, and three lieutenants. There are two pharmacists, eleven women nurses, seventy-five men nurses, and one hundred orderlies. The doctor in charge of each division has approximately two hundred and fifty patients.

In the French Navy men are given a complete hospital training in the care of the sick and in administration, and through their work, they may reach the grade of Captain. They are efficient and make excellent nurses, training the orderlies under them, and also their office assistants.

of carrying, and having always ready the proper dose.

2—An orderly who carries a box containing nineteen medicines in tablet form; whenever one of these is prescribed by the physician it is given at once, with the assistance of number

3—an orderly, who carries a pitcher of tizane, a weak tea, which the patients like and which helps them to swallow their medicine.

4—A clerical attendant who carries a large sheet on which has been entered patient's name, number, age, home address, regiment, and last hospital. To this he adds the record of diagnosis, temperature, medicine, and food. This bedside record is eventually bound in a book, and beside saving a vast amount of office work, insures an accurate and prompt war medical history.

5—A man nurse who arranges the patient for

ALMOST HOME

Patients, having recovered some of their shattered health on the voyage from Saloniki, taking their exercise on the decks of the *France IV*

examination, and records all prescriptions to be filled; immediately after the visit he takes them to the pharmacy, returning with and administering the medicine as directed.

6—An attendant who carries a board on which is pasted a large sheet of paper divided into small squares. In the first row is entered each patient's number and the subsequent squares are used for recording the morning and evening temperatures each day of the voyage.

Any information the doctor wishes on the case can be instantly obtained first hand. This coöperation makes possible rapid and efficient service. Each assistant responds promptly to any question. No one has to go to look up something, or to ask some one else, to find out what has been done for a patient.

There is no delay, no depending on memory. They never get in each other's way. Each has his, or her, place to stand; all conversation is in low tones. There is no duplication of work. Nothing remains to be done later, which can be done at once, in this naval military hospital. Many land comforts are not possible, but each patient has his own water bottle and drinking cup always beside him. Life preservers are under every bed. All are uncomplaining. Rarely have I seen such heroism as was shown hourly on board the *France IV*. by the men of France, Serbia, Russia, and the Bulgarian prisoners. Men in great pain, when asked, "How do you feel?" responded, *Pas trop mal* (not too bad), and when asked, "Are you a little better," always replied, *Oui, merci*. (yes, thanks).

Men of thirty-seven looked at least fifty-five years old. Some had been in hospitals one or two months. Many had narrow escapes. One had an ugly wound which showed where a piece of shell had grazed a main artery. He showed his Croix de Guerre and his Medaille Militaire, decorations dearly paid for. He was still in danger of hemorrhage and death. There was a volunteer from Lille, France, who was seventy years old, who had been for eighteen months at the front and was happy in having been through the Dardanelles. One of the men had been in the Scottish Women's Hospital in Saloniki for a month. He fell ill again and was taken to another hospital. I asked him which he liked the best, and without a second's hesitation, he replied, "All the men who have been taken care of once by *les Ecossaises* (the Scotch) want to go back to their hospital. The women doctors, nurses, orderlies, all are so kind." He had already placed the postcard photographs of his family about his cabin. In every soldier's wallet there are the little pictures of "those at home."

One of the patients was a Russian lad of fifteen years, "Alexander Hoursky, 4th Infan-

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terie, Russe." A few days at sea put him on his feet. He was the jauntiest soldier of the lot, with muscles young and strong, his buoyant step as he walked the deck, and his generous service to the men who could not rise, warmed every heart. He showed me with great pride his helmet with the Russian eagle on its front. He loved it, and our ocean world loved him.

As we made the rounds, the doctors always noticed the men's decorations. Some had as many as six. The Russians were always responsive to words of cheer and many stalwart fellows looked like great children when they smiled at the few words of Russian we all learned to say. Many had uniforms torn, worn, and dirty, but their hearts were undaunted. With kind forethought, they had been put near each other so that they could talk together.

Everything had to be done on a large scale on ship board. At eleven o'clock, the hour for luncheon to be served, an orderly appeared carrying aluminum plates, knives, and forks in a basket. One of each was left with each patient. On the soldiers' decks, an orderly followed carrying two buckets of hot, soft boiled eggs; after him came two more, each carrying two buckets of a meat and vegetable soup. Two other men carried four buckets of well-cooked cereal, and three carried pitchers of milk or tizane. Huge baskets of bread cut in quarter and half loaves were quickly emptied. This menu was served to those who were not restricted to liquid food, but were unable to take the heavier diet of meat, or fish, with potatoes, beans, bread, lemonade or tizane and dessert. The food was changed daily, was always well prepared, and carefully inspected and cleanly served. Breakfast consisted of coffee or tea with bread at seven o'clock. Dinner was much like lunch and was served at five. Bouillon could be had between meals. Every one was asleep by half past six in the evening.

The officers had separate trays, or came to the dining room where a varied menu was served.

The physical strain of the amount of work which must be done, and the tremendous emotional strain of it, could not be borne if it were not for the interval of comparative rest afforded by the six days' necessary stay in Toulon, two for transferring the patients to the waiting trains, and four for disinfecting the ship. Three and a half to four days are taken for the return trip to Saloniki. Placing the sick on the ship begins as soon as the boat reaches that harbor, so there are some patients who have three days' care there, and two in Toulon harbor, in addition to the four days at sea.

On the voyage leaving Saloniki, Oct 8, 1916, there were 2,191 fever cases, 293 wounded, 27 miscellaneous, 14 ill sailors, 1 ill ship's officer. Nine of the fever cases died on the voyage.

Most of the surgical cases had daily dressings Some were changed every second or third day In addition to the 700 done in the operating room, there were 1,080 done in the four other dressing stations on different decks. In one of these there was an average of seventy-five daily; in the other three thirty-five daily, so counting only six days would make a total of 1,780.

The day before we arrived a second tag was attached to every patient's coat giving his destination.

The distribution to various parts of France was so prearranged that trains were waiting on the landing pier facing the side of the boat, and every hospital to receive a convoy knew a day ahead exactly how many were coming, how many were officers, the illness of each, and had their beds in readiness, their ambulances and receiving department force in attendance at any hour of the day or night.

The Bulgarian prisoners were treated exactly like the French soldiers, according to their grade. The three officers, two from Philippopolis, one from Gabrovo, were in a large, light and comfortable room designed for seven passengers. The forty-two soldiers were with their former enemies. A blinded Greek lay in the bed next to a Bulgar with double pneumonia and a fractured hip. When that poor man was being examined I was shocked by his emaciation. The skin covered his long bones as a glove covers a hand. There appeared to be nothing between. I marvelled that he could have remained on the firing line, that he had the strength to carry the equipment of a soldier. His wound was fresh. His hope of life hung by a thread.

A little French nurse on her way home to convalesce, after an illness in the Orient, had volunteered to help on *France IV.* during her journey. Noticing that the man was cold she drew a blanket over him and tucked it under his elbow to lift his wasted arm from the hard pole of the stretcher on which he was lying, while waiting his turn to have his wounds dressed. Her white veil framed her young Madonna-like face and floated over her shoulders. The old man looked up, feebly smiled and murmured, "Mother." As I turned toward the door to hide the tears which came to my eyes, a Bulgar, waiting there to have his bandages changed, attracted my attention

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to his fractured jaw, the lower portion of which hung loose when the splint was removed. Noting my ready sympathy he pointed to his sunken abdomen, and waved his head, deprecatingly, as if to say, it's little use to bother with me, the end is near. No matter what your views on war may be, it is tragic to see a young, and lately vigorous, man starving to death, because he cannot swallow without the use of muscles which increased his pain. To have passed a stomach tube would have been torture to him. Gently, Dr. Charpentier adjusted the fragments and explained to him by gestures that after an operation he would recover quickly. All the Bulgarians were under the care of this young Lieutenant Doctor. His quickness and gentleness in removing old and applying fresh dressings; the coöperation of his staff; the results of his work, were splendid. I said, "You handle the Bulgars as if they were brothers." He replied, "No man is an enemy after he is wounded." On benches just outside his operating room door, eight mangled men sat waiting to have their wounds attended to. Inside, one, too ill to sit up, lay on a stretcher. Two, huddled over with pain, sat on chairs and one lay on the operating table. All day the human repair work had gone on, and would for four more hours. Not one of them would ever be physically sound again.

While the *France IV.* lies in Toulon Harbor and on the journeys to Saloniki, the women nurses make shirts, pillow slips and other necessities for the patients and are very grateful for number fifty thread and cotton cloth in the piece sent to them for this purpose. They always buy a little stock of magazines, cigarettes, candy, games, and things to give the soldiers. So much is sent to hospitals one forgets these needs on shipboard. I never knew how much happiness a trifle could give until that trip. A postcard, a peppermint lozenge, brought a smile to weary lips. The little attention was appreciated out of all proportion to its size, except that the tired nurses were never too fatigued to take the hour, in which they might have rested, to show in this way their gratitude to, and sympathy for, their soldiers; and this is a labor of great love. For, as some of the women nurses are busy all day assisting with the surgical dressings, others have as many as 320 medical patients under their care. They are ably assisted by the men nurses and orderlies who work so hard that there is rarely a voyage without some falling ill.

One of the gracious acts on board the *France IV.* was that of Madame Lutaud, wife of the French Governor of Algiers, a woman of great personality and charm. She procured the names of all the men from Algiers and called on each saying, "As we are making the voyage together, I thought it would be a pleasure to meet you." They were greatly pleased. She asked about the battles in which they had fought, the work they had left at home, and about their families. She wrote down these facts, and the names and addresses of every one they wished to have her write to for them. She shook hands with each man, and left each stateroom with a word of appreciation and encouragement which included their cabin mates as well.

A man about to die, who, in fact, was dead in a few hours, took in his trembling hand the tablet the nurse handed to him, and as he vainly tried to lift it to his lips, said, "*Merci, Madame.*" She said, "We are almost home. Are you a little better?" He murmured, "*Un peu*" (a little). That night he was buried in the sea. I stood beside the rude bier, a wooden bench. The figure wrapped in burlap, sewed and tied with rope to keep in position the bars of iron, which weighted the dead, lay there beside four others, under the folds of the flag of France. The priest, the ship's commandant, the doctor, the nurses, and a few sailors, were the assembled company. There was no room for more on the lower starboard deck near the bow, where, to avoid depressing others, the ceremony is always quietly held at nine o'clock at night. For officers, or men, friend or foe, it is the same, except that the flag is not placed over the bodies of their enemies.

The ship slows down, a little door is opened near the surface of the water, the service is read, a whistle is blown as a symbol of the martial music which is every soldier's requiem right. The end of the board on which the head rests is lifted and the body is dropped into the sea, and is soon followed by another.

The people silently depart from the saddest service in the world; no flowers, no music, no firing of guns, no tears, and the dead so far away from those they would have wished to see before their lives went out.

The next night at nine o'clock I stood upon the upper deck beside a lifeboat which being swung sheltered from view the burial beneath, and when the whistle blew I dropped some roses on the waves that closed over those for whom many women will weep.

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UNDER THE CONQUEROR

This account of the Red Cross Society's activity in Belgium under German administration and the work of the Society in the little strip of territory left to its rightful owners, was compiled from the Bulletin of the Red Cross Society, published by the COMITÉ INTERNATIONAL *at Geneva,* 1916.

THERE was a general meeting of the Belgian Red Cross on March 26, 1916, convened by Governor General von Bissing. In his opening speech, the Governor justified his action for calling the meeting. One might ask oneself, he said, whether during the imposed administration the Belgian Red Cross ought to be convened, or whether the imposed activities ought to be continued without making a report of them to the general meeting, in spite of the nature of the statutes. There were two reasons it was stated for calling the meeting: in the first place, the statutes prescribe duties upon the imposed administration; and, secondly, it seemed expedient to impress upon public opinion through the general meeting the aims which the imposed administration had in view for widening the work of the Red Cross within the field of social activity.

This social activity was especially necessary in the fight against prostitution that was raging in Belgium; in the eyes of the Governor this was one of the most important and difficult tasks. Not only had the population to be protected against this plague, but above all the soldiers of the army of occupation. The Directing Committee refused absolutely to undertake this mission, because it exceeded the statutes of the Red Cross and was thereupon dissolved by the administration.

For this reason a delegate to the Red Cross, Count von Hotzfeldt-Trachenberg, appointed by the Governor General, was charged with the administration of the Society, after the Directing Committee had been removed. The Red Cross was thereupon declared to be dissolved and its fortunes to have been taken over by the interests of Germany. One could not help protesting to belligerents and to neutrals at this measure taken by the Governor-General. The International Committee of Geneva, which had not the power to criticise the measures taken by the Governor General, nevertheless, made protests to all the different Red Cross organizations.

Notwithstanding this, the Governor-General pursued his own plans, and brought in collaborators, to help him in the work, principally from Germany. They succeeded in collecting funds devoted to "German charity in Belgium."

The local Red Cross units, with one exception, refused to cooperate, owing to the arbitrary dissolution of the Directing Committee by the Governor-General. Those who continued to work limited themselves to the organization of nurses and stretcher bearers. On the other hand, the many associations formed for "Mutilated Soldiers," were obliged to submit to the supervision of the delegate. Some ladies banded together for the care of prisoners and their families in the territory of the imposed administration.

The remains of Belgian soldiers who die in captivity in Germany are sent by the Minister of War at Berlin to the Governor-General who in turn sends them to the Belgian Government or else hands them over to the families with the help of the burgomasters and of the minor authorities.

News of Belgian soldiers, either wounded or who have disappeared, is given out by means of the Medical Committee of the Red Cross of Belgium. All communication with the front, as well as news of soldiers in good health, is forbidden.

The German administration of occupied Belgium has transformed the Red Cross Society into a society of public utility and social betterment. It justifies this extreme extension by the wide interpretation given to the Geneva Convention for the past fifty years.

The International Committee does not believe that the principles of international law set forth by the Geneva Convention can justify a social work which, however useful it may be, compels the Red Cross to go beyond the sphere of action prescribed very clearly by its origin and object. The two conventions of 1864 and 1906 were called together for "bettering the condition of the wounded and sick of armies in action." That is their title. That is also their object. They lay the foundation for the law of nations that render such betterment possible, namely: securing protection for the sick and wounded, and the respect and care that they need.

One may acknowledge the need in time of peace for charitable organizations to prepare themselves for a time of war by the training of

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a personnel and the acquisition of material with which to fulfil this rôle effectively, and one may admit that the international conferences have given them such a task. Nothing is more just. But there we are only dealing with a condition acknowledged to be practically indispensable for the better realization of an end in view, and this end is exclusively the succor of the sick and wounded in war.

Therefore if the statutes of the societies foresee, as had those of the Belgian Red Cross, that in time of peace they might intervene "in case of catastrophe and public calamity," this does not mean that in case of war the Red Cross shall detail any part of its funds and of its resources away from their specific destination; that is, the succor of the wounded. And more so, for in spite of realizing the use that can be made of their methods in time of peace, the different sections of the Red Cross have expressly foreseen that as soon as war is declared their organization would become at once a part of the official sanitary service, in view of the relief given to the sick and wounded in war. That is what the statutes of the Red Cross in Belgium have done. The Belgian Red Cross could not incur any blame for not wishing to coöperate in a work of purely social betterment when war was declared upon its Government and peace was far from being signed.

On the contrary, it seems just, at least for a Red Cross of limited means, to leave in time of war the care of guarding against want, of combating tuberculosis, or of fighting prostitution to other organizations. The moment war is declared its duties at the side of the wounded of the army suddenly increase tenfold, perhaps a hundredfold. It is therefore better that other organizations, founded in time of peace and independent of the Red Cross should pursue in time of war their social or philanthropic activities as long as it is necessary or possible. The Red Cross will have enough to do to fulfil the end for which it was founded and of which it must never lose sight.

The German Red Cross, powerfully organized and infinitely ramified, naturally retains all its liberty for embracing within its field of action all the social work which it may desire to do. Let it extend its opportunity and benefits even in the countries occupied by its armies. This is as it should be, but let it do it in its own name and let it not dictate to the society of the invaded country that does not associate itself with it. General Von Bissing fully acknowledges that the measures taken had for their principal object the protection of the German soldiers.

He himself proclaimed that in war it is only the armies that fight, and that the poor and weak, the women and children, must be protected. But as long as the feminine population remains outside of war it escapes logically, and often in fact, the action of the Red Cross in time of war. This is what the Governor-General seems to have forgotten or lost sight of in dissolving the Directing Committee of the Belgian Red Cross.

And what of the Red Cross in the little strip of territory left to its original owners? By the royal decree of November 30, 1914, Lieutenant-General Dr. Melis, Inspector-General of the Health Service of the Belgian Army, was named president of the Directing Committee of the Red Cross in Belgium Behind the Lines.

This Directing Committee of the Red Cross Behind the Lines was instituted by the royal decree of November 30, 1914, creating "a new organization responding to the necessities of the moment, and exercising its activities on the army in the field, the Directing Committee not being able, under existing circumstances, to fulfil the functions that devolve upon it." This decree named Dr. Melis, Inspector-General of the Health Service: Professor Depage, and the Countess de Merode members of a committee of the Red Cross acting behind the lines, empowered to call all needed help to its assistance.

Thus the Red Cross was reorganized. Thanks to the assistance of the Queen of the Belgians in her capacity of honorary president of the Red Cross Fund in England, a fund was collected. By the first of the year 1916 this had reached the sum of 304,565 francs. An Anglo-Belgian Committee was at first organized in London. This was presided over by Baron C. Goffinet. As the only authorized representative of the Red Cross in Belgium, he applied himself to coördinate all efforts and gather together funds, to receive gifts in kind, and to organize ambulances for the front. On the 31st of December, 1915, forty-two ambulances were taken to the continent for the hospitals. The English Red Cross, the St. John's Ambulance, the American Red Cross, and the Argentine Republic all contributed to the work of this Anglo-Belgian Committee. Madame Marie Depage left for America in order to collect funds, returning on the *Lusitania* after having collected $100,000. She was one of the many victims of that horrible catastrophe, having insisted on delaying to minister to the needs of a wounded soldier. A pavilion bearing her name recalls her admirable devotion.

The sum of the different contributions from the different countries, together with the interest, rose to 4,954,856 francs. Was the reorganization of the Red Cross behind the

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lines to be civil or military? The circumstances, especially the relations with the military authorities, imposed militarization and, at the end of one year's experience, this military organization answered all the needs.

Belgian medical officials of the Red Cross were therefore completely militarized. The Red Cross brought to the army its hospitals, with all its equipment and its services. The maintenance of the sick and of the wounded fell to the commissariat of the army. The Directing Committee on their side exercised a continual supervision from the medical and surgical point of view while the military authorities exercised a strict control from the military point of view.

The Belgian Red Cross established five principal hospitals: the Hospital Jeanne d'Arc, the Hospital de Virval, those of the Rue Archimede and of the Rue des Prairies, at Calais, and that of the Ocean at la Panne. This last one, installed at the Ocean Hotel, and containing 200 beds at the start, was enlarged by pavillons until it could take in one thousand sick and wounded.

While awaiting the return to Brussels, the headquarters and the offices of the Red Cross in Belgium Behind the Lines were fixed at Calais, 156 Rue Massena. With the help of its Dutch Committee, the Belgian Red Cross transmits to Belgium news of her soldiers and receives news of the families that have remained in Belgium. Over two hundred messages are thus transmitted daily. Spacious storehouses have been added to these headquarters for the storage of the provisions of the society and of gifts in kind received by it.

The Belgian Red Cross has moreover distributed to the soldiers considerable quantities of linen and woollens, and it has given its assistance in the removal of the children from the region of the Yser.

UNDER THE RAYS OF THE SUMMER SUN

BY

MILDRED A. MYERS

[Each month the Magazine has been publishing an article on First Aid treatment. In this article, the measures to be used for the relief of many summer complaints, such as sunstroke, heat exhaustion sunburn, and poison ivy, are discussed. Next month the treatment of ills and accidents that are apt to occur in the fall will be taken up.]

TWO o'clock on a sizzling August day. On the porch of a summer cottage two young girls were arguing.

"I tell you it isn't too hot," said one girl, whom we may call Mary. "You don't feel the heat when you're playing. I'm sick of swinging in this hammock and I do not feel like reading. Just one set, please!"

The other girl, Phyllis, shook her head.

"No. It's silly to play in such scorching sun. Besides, Mother told us that we were liable to get a sunstroke by overexerting in this heat."

Mary laughed.

"Sunstroke! And you're always bragging about how much exercise you can stand. Oh, well! It wouldn't affect me in the least but . . . Of course if you're afraid!" She shrugged her shoulders and picked up the magazine she had been reading.

Phyllis bit her lip, started to answer back and changed her mind. "There is no sense playing in such heat," she told herself, "It's stupid, stupid! But if I don't give in Mary will be disappointed. Oh well! Perhaps one set!" She could feel the angry scowl behind the magazine cover.

"Come on. I'll play one set even though I think it's wrong." She picked up her tennis racquet and put on her hat.

The other girl jumped out of the hammock. An appeal to her friend's vanity through her much boasted strength never yet had failed to bring an immediate response. She smiled.

"I can't play in a hat but I'll put on my sweater. I want to get thin. You know you do get thin if you play with something heavy on and get overheated."

Phyllis knew her friend's obstinate streaks. She watched her throw her hat on a bench near the court and button to the chin her heavy green sweater. Without a word she served her first ball.

For fifteen minutes they played. After a short time Mary began to play mechanically. Her face was getting red. Phyllis marvelled that her skin looked so dry. She was perspiring

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freely and her clothes seemed as though they were glued to her. She heard the other girl's labored breathing and was certain she had caught sound of a sigh.

"Don't you want to stop? Please! You're tired and so am I. Let's find a cool place where we can lie down and get some cold water."

But Mary shook her head, stubbornly.

"No. You promised to play one set. I—I just have a little pain in the back of my head but it will go away. I often get a pain like that."

Once again the game continued. Suddenly Phyllis heard a low moan. She rushed up to the net. Her opponent had dropped her racquet. She made one outward clutch, turned and sank unconscious in a huddled heap.

Phyllis stood motionless for almost a minute. All she could see were those eyes with their glassy stare and dilated pupils.

Her first impulse was to shriek. Her second was to send for a doctor. She ran to the cottage, told her mother to telephone for the doctor and made the gardener return with her to the tennis court.

"We can't leave her here. Oh, what shall I do. Why didn't I learn something like this at college instead of those stupid mathematics. John, what should we do?"

The gardener scratched his head.

"She's had a touch of the sun, Miss. I guess as how we'd better move her to a cool spot and take off some of them hot clothes."

He picked up the unconscious girl and carried her to a sleeping couch on the shaded porch.

Phyllis removed the heavy sweater, opened Mary's waist and skirt, and loosened her underclothes.

The gardener returned with a pail of cold water. He and Phyllis rubbed the girl's face, neck, chest, and head. Still there was no sign of consciousness.

"I wonder if a drop of brandy, or whiskey or something would revive her. I know where I can get some."

The gardener shook his head dubiously.

"Sure it might and it mightn't. I dunno."

Just then the physician came.

"What's this I hear about brandy?"

"We were wondering."

"Never, never, never, under any circumstances whatever, give a patient who has become unconscious from sunstroke any kind of stimulant. Stimulants warm the body. The idea in such cases is to cool the body."

While he had been talking he had rebathed the patient with cold water.

"Pretty bad—this is. No day to play tennis! We'll put her in a cold bath or wrap her in some cold, wet sheets."

A half hour later the physician was busily rubbing the sick girl to prevent shock from the cold sheets in which she had been wrapped to bring the blood to the surface. Gradually he saw consciousness returning. Mary opened her eyes.

"Well, well." The physician smiled at his patient. "I guess we'll remove the wet sheets now."

After the wet sheets were removed Mary was tucked into bed. A few minutes later the physician gave her a glass of water.

"Now we'll give you lots of water to drink," he said.

"Once a patient regains consciousness, we discontinue the cold applications. If the skin again becomes hot we renew them. Remember, we never give stimulants. You see, sunstroke is different from heat exhaustion. Heat exhaustion is caused and prevented in the same ways as sunstroke but the treatment differs. Your friend became unconscious. Although her face was red she did not perspire. When a person collapses from heat she does not become unconscious and her face, instead of becoming fevered, gets white and is covered with a clammy sweat.

"A person suffering from heat exhaustion should be removed to a cool spot and her clothing should be loosened, but, and this is the main dissimilarity, never apply cold externally. We let the patient sip water but we never wrap her in wet sheets nor put her in a cold bath. Furthermore, we sometimes give stimulants such as tea, coffee, aromatic spirits of ammonia, or a small quantity of whisky or brandy with much water.

"You see the differences? Well, now what I want to know is why you young women were foolish enough to play tennis on such a hot day? Don't you know that sunstroke often leads to dangerous results? It may produce a serious condition. You should never have played in the first place. But, if you were so foolish, why did your friend play without a hat, as you say she did, and why did she keep on that woolen sweater which was made for skating weather and not August heat?

"She not only should have kept on a hat, but she should have been careful to select one which was sufficiently roomy to let in the air, yet tight enough to keep out the sun. Here are two fundamentals for you to remember: wear clothing as light in texture and in color on a hot day as you may with propriety, because, as you know, dark colors absorb more heat, and headgear which permits of ventilation. If you were a man I'd warn you against drinking any kind of alcohol before physical exercise with exposure to the sun, but you young women don't need to know that. But at any rate it won't hurt you to

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know all these things. You might tell them to your friend when she's well enough to listen."

"The sun never bothered us before," said Phyllis. "As for me, I love to get sunburned. When I go back to the city and to college every one envies my coat of tan. I'm afraid I'm a bit vain." She smiled up at the physician. "It does look nice to be brown; it makes you feel that you have had a real vacation and that you weren't so afraid of your complexion that you had to wear long sleeves, high collars, a big hat, and——"

The physician interrupted her with a laugh and a shake of his head.

"But my dear young lady, that is just where you are wrong. It is a false idea to believe that there is anything healthy in that summer coat of tan of which you young persons love to boast. There are two kinds of sunburn; one a slight redness of the skin; the other a severe burn. You know how you have seen some less fortunate persons than yourself suffer from sunburn. Haven't you felt sorry for the man on the beach who, after he has been spending his one day vacation sprawled out on the hot sands under a glaring sun, goes back to his city room with nothing more pleasant to remind him of his day's outing than two blistered shoulders, a peeling forehead and a face which feels as if it were cracking whenever he smiles?

"No. That idea that you must get sunburned to be healthy is wicked. Being out in the fresh air is the good part of the man's outing; heedlessly exposing his body to the hot sun is the bad part. He could have had just as good a time had he screened himself with a big beach umbrella. Naturally, the most obvious measures of protection are hats and clothing which shade the body from the sun but these are not necessary provided something answers the same purpose.

"I suppose you have gone in bathing in salt water and, instead of drying your face and your body as soon as you came out on the beach, you've thrown yourself on the sand or played ball in the sun to get sunburned. Confess, now —haven't you?"

Phyllis nodded, guiltily.

"Yes, but I never knew——"

"Of course you didn't. That's the trouble. Because sunburn didn't happen to hurt one person who at one time put on a good coat of tan, as you call it, every one else makes the mistake of thinking it won't harm him.

"Wetting the face with any kind of water causes a severe sunburn in this kind of weather, but wetting it with salt water followed by exposure to the sun has even a worse effect on the skin."

"But, doctor, you can't always think of saving your skin when you feel like having a good time—at least I can't. Besides, I always put powder on my face first. Isn't that good for me either?'

The physician laughed at the girl's worried expression.

"Well, that depends. Any toilet powder will protect the face from the sun's rays to some extent. Did you ever use pink calamid powder? Undoubtedly that is the best. Then if you find your face burns a simple treatment is a solution of 1 part limewater to three parts almond or olive oil, or a good cold cream sometimes is sufficient.

"Now suppose you had been out tramping and you saw some pretty flowers you wanted. Before you would stop to think, in all probability you'd pick them, wouldn't you? The first thing you'd know your skin would be inflamed. You would find blisters (and sometimes pus forms) on your arms, hands, and face. Your whole skin would itch so that you would want to scratch and scratch. Would you know the cause?"

"Poison ivy," Phyllis hazarded.

"Exactly, poison ivy or poison oak. There are two varieties—a shrub or small tree with oval, pointed leaves arranged in clusters of from seven to thirteen on a common stalk; the other a creeper or climbing plant with broad leaves, sometimes slightly notched, arranged in clusters of three. Both have berries.

"The plant lies prostrate upon the ground but prefers to climb upon walls, shrubs, and fences to which it clings. Its branches spread far out and are apt to brush the faces of passersby. Its leaflets are thin, satiny, and lustrous and have fine, short, microscopic hairs.

"The best way to escape poisoning, of course, is to avoid poison ivy. Because you have been poisoned once is no proof against a second attack. These plants cause poisoning in nearly every one if touched, although there is a wide difference in the susceptibility of certain persons. Some scarcely can approach poison ivy without being poisoned, whereas others may not be affected at all. One of my little patients has had an attack of poisoning every year for seven years. Early in such an attack a person may convey the disease from one part of his body to another before he realizes that he has been poisoned. Only in extreme cases, however, does one person affect another.

"As I said before the treatment is simple: a wash of a solution of sugar of lead applied at intervals until acute symptoms have subsided followed by any ordinary zinc ointment until the skin is healthy. The wash should be applied at intervals during the day and the ointment twice a day.

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ABOUT THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

Its Beginnings, Its Growth, and Its Aspirations

IN 1906 the American Red Cross had about 16,000 members, and it was decided to begin the publication of a little magazine to keep the members in touch with what the organization was doing. A twelve-month subscription was included with each $1.00 membership.

In the fall of 1916 THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE was faced by the same problem which presented itself to all publishing enterprises—of mounting costs in paper and everything that went into the making of a magazine—and at the same time a huge increase in the membership complicated the situation.

It was decided to limit the giving of the magazine to members of the classes above the one dollar class, because the expense of publishing it made the tax too great, notwithstanding the desire to have THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE in the hands of every member, in order that all might keep close to the spirit and purposes of the work being done.

By the summer of this year the number of magazine subscribers had made it necessary to print over 250,000 copies, and several issues (notably the *Red Cross Handbook*, May issue) have gone as high as 350,000. Now we are faced with new conditions, new opportunities, and have made new plans which should interest every Red Cross member.

THE NEW RED CROSS MAGAZINE

we feel sure, will accomplish much to bring the interests of all the millions of members into one harmonious whole, because it will serve as a medium of communication from the officers and heads of committees to all the members, reaching the smallest villages in the land, and stimulating them to new effort and new interest. Then, too, this magazine of humanity will be more than what might be called the organ of the American Red Cross—it will be a splendid magazine in its own right, devoted to the most appealing subjects in this time of war: the spirit of helpfulness, of bravery, and efficient organization.

The number you hold in your hand contains twice as many pages as those that have gone before. The color illustrations are only an earnest of what we hope to publish in the months to come. For September there will be an enlarged magazine, not only in number of pages, as in the August number, but in the size of the page, to enable us to print more articles, more and bigger pictures, of which there will be many in color. Many distinguished authors and artists have promised to contribute, and our ambition is to see THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE a publication the like of which we have not known before.

DELAYS AND LOSS OF NUMBERS

There has been complaint that many members have not received their magazines promptly, and we have often found that there has been great delay in forwarding the names of subscribing and other members. This, we hope, is being eliminated, and we are requesting every chapter and every branch to send in all names at the very earliest moment. If your copy has not come, see your local chapter or branch, and make sure that your name has been forwarded to Washington.

The number of new members joining is so tremendous that there may be some delay in entering the name and mailing your copy, but in a few months we hope this may be avoided.

In many families there are often several members and only one magazine is needed. We do not want to print a single magazine that is not actually needed. If you are receiving too many, will you not send a postal to the Editor, Garden City, L. I., stating the name and address of any subscription that is a duplicate or is not needed? This will be a great saving to the American Red Cross.

YOU CAN HELP

by showing your magazine to members who are in the one dollar class and inviting them to join another class. No magazine is given to $1.00 members because it is financially impossible. We not only want more members, but more

Subscribing members	$ 2.00
Contributing members	5.00
Sustaining members	10.00
Life	25.00
Patron	100.00

to gain for the American Red Cross a solidarity and strength which will last through the great war and after for the benefit of humanity.

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